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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

Mr. Ruskin declares War for Poland.
Colonel Knox and his Opera-box.
Our Negro Troops.
The British Oyster.
Good Words in the Presbytery of Strathbogie.
Miss Rye and her Emigrants.

The Court-martial upon Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley.

THE CHURCH:—
The Saints and their Legends—No. II.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—
Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas.
The Archbishops of York.
From Matter to Spirit.
Schiller's "Bride of Messina."

Miss Whately in Egypt.
The Almanacks.
Religious Literature.
Literary News.

FINE ARTS:—
The British Institution.
The London Theatres.
Music.

SCIENCE:—

Photographs for Magic-Lanterns.
The Géant at the Crystal Palace.
Shooting Stars of August.
The Recent Earthquake.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

Meetings of Learned Societies.
List of New Publications for the Week.

REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE military operations in America still drag their slow length along, without arriving at any decisive result. General Thomas holds his ground at Chattanooga, nor indeed has any serious attempt been made to dislodge him. His position is probably too strong for direct assault; and the Confederates therefore prefer, if possible, to compel his retreat by movements which must have been for some time in progress, but which do not as yet seem to have had any material effect. The accounts which reach us from Virginia confirm the belief that a large portion of Lee's army has been dispatched to the State of Tennessee. Under these circumstances, Meade has been able to advance across the Rappahannock, but it by no means follows that the Confederates are not strong enough to hold the strong positions between that river and Richmond. In truth, however, no important operations are possible in that quarter at this late season of the year. No advantages which the Federals may have gained can have any practical results. According to the latest telegram, Fort Sumter has been taken by the Northern forces. But as this statement did not obtain credence even in New York, it is safe to assume that no reliance can be placed upon it. In all probability, Charleston still continues to defy the efforts of the besiegers. The political news mainly relates to the elections which are now in progress through the several Northern States. As the State of New York benefits more than any other by the war expenditure, it is not surprising that the Republicans should have carried their candidates by an immense majority. It is more remarkable that the Democrats should have been allowed to win in New Jersey. In Maryland the supporters of the present Administration were more fortunate, for they have the advantage of General Schenk's assistance. That general's notion of freedom of voting may be gathered from his order that all suspected disloyalists who appeared at the poll should be arrested; and although the President is said to have modified this order in some particulars, he declared it to be right in principle. Under these circumstances, the majority of the inhabitants refrained from voting. It is clear that the people of Maryland are staunch adherents of the Southern cause; and we imagine that they do not share the anticipations in which Mr. Seward still indulges, with reference to the early submission of the insurgents. The sanguine temperament of the Secretary of State seems proof against any amount of failure and disaster. But we cannot help thinking that it led him rather far when it caused him to picture the angels in heaven tuning their harps "to the symphony of such a peace"—whatever the symphony of a peace may mean. For it is more than ever obvious that the peace which Mr. Seward desires can only be

obtained at the cost of sacrifices and suffering over which angels are generally supposed to weep. If indeed this civil war has been an unmixed blessing to the North, as Mr. Seward boldly asserts, it is possible that in some mode which is not obvious to us on this side of the Atlantic, it may be advantageous to the South to be ruled by military proconsuls of the stamp of General Schenk. At present we can only wonder at the state of feeling which must exist in the North, in order to render it possible for a Minister to congratulate his fellow-citizens upon the events of the last three years.

The proposed Congress for the settlement of Europe still continues the subject of active discussion. It cannot, however, be said that it grows in public favour. The more it is considered in reference to the antecedents of the Emperor, the more marked is the disposition to regard it with suspicion, if not dislike. Men do not easily forget the manner in which assurances as solemn, and professions as disinterested, as those which have ushered in this scheme, have subsequently turned out the mere cloaks of designs both ambitious and selfish. It is possible that the present generation is unduly sceptical as to the success of great schemes, and is inclined to exaggerate practical objections. But whether the European public are right or wrong on this point, nothing is more clear than that this disposition on their part promises ill for the success of a plan which requires the general assent and confidence for its successful execution. It is obvious that it has not secured this. The King of Italy—who has everything to gain by precipitating a crisis which would compel France to purchase his assistance by the evacuation of Rome or the annexation of Venice—is naturally eager to see the meeting of an assembly which is pretty sure to disturb the *status quo*. The Queen of Spain and the King of Portugal are not likely to be affected by its deliberations, and are, therefore, quite justified in conciliating a powerful neighbour by a civil acquiescence in his wishes. It is probable, although by no means certain, that Russia will affect to encourage a scheme which is not unlikely to sow dissension between the Western Powers, and which will at any rate secure to her ample time for the "pacification" of Poland. They must, however, be very sanguine who expect that Russia would bow to any decision of the Congress which is contrary to her interest, and is not enforced by the threat of an appeal to arms. Any avowed opposition to the Congress or any substantial effort for a limitation of its functions must be expected to come from England, Austria, and Prussia. These three Powers have a decided interest in the preservation of peace, and two of them, at least, have more to fear than they have to hope from a re-arrangement of the map of Europe. We are not therefore surprised to hear that they have given a very cold

assent to the Congress, and have even clogged that assent with conditions which wholly deprive it of the character of an international parliament. A meeting of diplomatists to discuss pending questions, which are carefully specified beforehand, may possibly be attended with results more or less beneficial. But so far as relates to those latent causes of disturbance on which the Emperor laid so much stress, it will leave Europe pretty much where it was before. A conviction that the imperial mountain will produce nothing beyond this comparatively humble mouse, is probably the reason why the French are singularly apathetic on a subject which might be expected to appeal to their vanity. But be the cause what it may, nothing is more certain than that the last *idée Napoléonienne* has failed to dazzle even the *gobe-mouches* of Paris; while its principal effect abroad has been to revive the distrust which has constantly dogged the career of the Second Empire.

The death of the King of Denmark has happened unfortunately at the present moment. Whatever might be his faults as an individual, he had, as a king, deservedly gained the confidence of his subjects. Throughout the dispute with Germany upon the question of the Duchies he had acted with equal firmness and moderation. And although we are willing to hope and believe the best as to his successor, he is, nevertheless, essentially an untried man, and, as such, he cannot succeed at once to the position of the late king. But it is not merely that the Danes have been deprived of a trusted leader. His decease has reopened the Schleswig-Holstein dispute in an aggravated form, at the very time when it is more than ever desirable that it should be consigned to a diplomatic limbo. Had it not been for this event Austria would probably have succeeded in convincing the other German Powers that it was exceedingly inconvenient to disturb the peace of Europe just when the Emperor of France is seeking arguments to demonstrate the absolute necessity of his all-powerful intervention. But the difficulties of the more Conservative, pacific, and practical statesmen of Germany will be greatly increased by an occurrence which furnishes the violent party, who are headed by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, with a pretext for setting up a pretender to the throne of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. We do not, indeed, believe that either Austria or Prussia will allow the Treaty of London of 1852 to be brought into question. It is said, indeed, that they are relieved from their obligations under this document by the failure of Denmark to perform the duties it undertook towards Germany. But their obligations to the other Powers cannot be thus got rid of. Still, if they exert their influence to prevent the Bund from espousing the claims of the Augustenburg family, they may be compelled to atone for this defective sympathy with the prevalent German mania, by increased earnestness in the prosecution of the pending Federal execution. It is in this direction that we see cause for alarm, for we can hardly think that there is much danger of any serious attempt to set aside the provisions of a treaty which is concurred in by the five great Powers, in favour of a pedantic adherence to a law passed in the 17th century. Even Germans will hardly maintain that when everything else in Europe has been subject to change and revolution, the one thing fixed and permanent should be the order of succession to the Duchies in question. The great Powers agreed in 1852, that this must bend to the general convenience, and they will not allow the settlement at which they then arrived, to be now disturbed. At the same time we cannot, at the present moment, regard, without some uneasiness, the prospect of any possible addition to existing causes of discord. It is to say the least undesirable that the case for a European Congress, with general legislative powers, should receive any apparent accession of strength.

The progress of the King of Italy through his Neapolitan provinces is an event of much political importance. On his way to Naples, after opening the railway to Foggia, he traversed some of the districts which were said to be most attached to the Bourbons and were known to be most addicted to brigandage. He has everywhere been received with a spontaneous enthusiasm, which is the more remarkable because he is in fact fairly chargeable with some neglect of the Southern part of his kingdom. The city of Naples furnished no exception to the general rule. There was no sign of discontent that the capital of a small state has become a prominent town of a great kingdom. All

classes joined to welcome the Sovereign whom they rightly considered as the embodiment of the idea of Italian unity. The *lazzaroni* may regret a *régime* under which their idleness was fostered and their turbulence was indulged. But even if they indulge an unworthy regret for the expelled dynasty, it is abundantly clear that this is not shared by those classes of the populace whose opinions are alone entitled to consideration. The municipality, the national guard, the working men, and the nobility vied with each other in the warmth of their welcome to the *Rè galantuomo*. It is probably in vain to expect that any amount of evidence will convince Mr. Hennessy and Sir George Bowyer that the Neapolitans are not sighing for the return of Francis II. But we may reasonably hope that the House of Commons will not in future listen to their stories of a discontent which is only visible in the crimes of hired gangs of banditti. Time may be required to consolidate the new kingdom, and to bring the southern provinces in all respects up to the level of the northern. The evils of centuries of misgovernment do not pass away in a day. It is clear, however, that if the Neapolitans have any grievances to complain of—if they are sometimes impatient and fretful—they entertain no hankering after days that are happily past, they recognise the substantial advantages which they enjoy under the existing Government, and are as ready as the inhabitants of every other part of Italy to forget their provincial jealousies on any occasion which calls forth their deep and broad national sympathies.

The last news from New Zealand leaves no doubt as to the serious character of the contest which we have before us in that colony. It is clear that we can hope for little or no assistance from the few native tribes who are still said to be friendly. Substantially the war has become one between the two races, and on both sides it is felt that the issue practically involved is the supremacy of the Englishman or the Maori in New Zealand. The natives appear to be displaying even more than their usual activity and skill in the construction of those formidable field fortifications on which they mainly rely for arresting the progress of their opponents. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to observe that the colonists—not only of New Zealand, but of Australia and Tasmania—are thoroughly alive to the emergency. Our countrymen in New Zealand accept with alacrity both the burthen and the danger of the war; and their hands are being rapidly strengthened by the arrival of volunteers who have been attracted from the neighbouring colonies by the promise of grants of land. Although General Cameron had not felt himself strong enough to undertake any very serious operations up to the departure of the mail, he was making preparations for the assault of a great native stronghold as soon as the reinforcements on their way should reach him. And we refer to the subject now principally for the purpose of again urging that there should be no stint or delay in supplying the requisite forces. It is clear that we cannot escape from the task of completely subjugating the Maories, and establishing British supremacy in New Zealand upon a firm and unassailable basis. That being so, every consideration, both of humanity and economy, urges us to shorten the struggle as much as possible by a prompt and decisive application of the superior strength which we possess.

Domestic politics are just now a complete blank. Whatever may be thought of Earl Russell's advice to rest and be thankful, the people are evidently acting upon it. The autumn has not produced the faintest stir of agitation, and although the Government candidates have not been fortunate in a few elections which have taken place, the popularity of the head of the Administration remains unimpaired, and even his nominal opponents evince little disposition to remove him from office. Mr. Buxton has, indeed, already sounded a note of war, by placing upon the order-book of the House of Commons a motion censuring the destruction of Kagosima. But, although it seems to be thought in some quarters that this topic will supply the means of a formidable attack upon the Ministry, we apprehend that Parliament is not likely to find fault with a British admiral for returning a fire which the forts of Kagosima were the first to commence. Indeed, if the Government were more blameable for their Japanese policy than we believe to be the case, they would probably escape harmless at the present time; for there is a general conviction that, until we have seen the end of the French Emperor's Congress, Lord Palmerston is the indispensable Premier.

MR. RUSKIN DECLARES WAR FOR POLAND.

A MELANCHOLY and unforeseen consequence of the Russian treatment of Poland, and of Lord Russell's policy with regard to it, has recently come to light. It is in connection with Mr. John Ruskin. In a letter recently addressed from Zurich to the Liverpool Institution of Fine Arts, Mr. Ruskin positively refuses to lecture to the young gentlemen of Liverpool upon painting, because of Lord Russell's crime in not declaring war against the Czar. Henceforward Mr. Ruskin is obliged altogether to decline to associate with his country, and he casts her off for ever. While the conduct of the Ministry continues what it is, we are not worthy to have lectures upon art. There will be no shilling catalogue next year at the Royal Academy, to tell us with trumpet tones what Heaven has decreed that we ought to admire, and what we ought to spurn. The Seven Lamps of Architecture are destined never to increase their number, and Mr. Ruskin can no longer go about our streets like a pictorial Jeremiah, rending his hair and calling upon us, for the sake of our immortal souls, not to put Turner below Claude, or to mistake good colouring for bad. At the present moment he is sitting under a gourd at Zurich, contemplating the British nation with noble sorrow, and waiting to hear how it will bear to be deprived of lectures upon art. He frankly confesses the gulf that divides him from England, in his despatch to the Liverpool Institute on October 25.

"I should have held it a duty to accept the invitation of the Directors of the Institute, but that for the time being my temper is at fault as well as my health; and I am wholly unable to go on with any of my proper work, owing to the horror and shame with which I regard the political position taken or slunk into, by England in her foreign relations—especially in the affairs of Italy and Poland. . . .

"I would ask you to favour me so far as to read this letter to the students at your meeting, and say to them that I heartily wish them well; but for the present I am too sad to be of any service to them; that our wars in China and Japan are not likely to furnish good subjects for historical pictures; that 'ideas' happen unfortunately to be in Art the principal things; and that a country which will not fight for its ideas is not likely to have anything worth painting.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant,

"J. RUSKIN."

If Mr. Ruskin had refused from sincere political convictions to give drawing lessons to Lord Russell, or any of his family, and had put the whole clan of Bedford upon æsthetical short rations until the National Government of Poland was properly recognised at the Foreign-office, there might have been method in his madness. There is no knowing what effect this kind of "strict blockade" would have produced. The principle of "No Poles, no Pre-Raffaellites," might not have been at first successful—as it is impossible to say how long a Whig peer could hold out against an embargo upon rainbow colouring and red hair—but the punishment must, at least, have fallen on the right offender. But to subject the Liverpool Institute to an Art Blockade because Lord Russell will not receive Prince Czartoryski, appears to an impartial mind exceedingly unjust. What have those innocent and unhappy young persons done in the matter who attend the Institute, that they are to be deprived of their lessons in drawing? They have massacred nobody. They have not signed addresses of confidence to the Czar. They do not contribute reactionary articles to the *Invalide Russe*. They have no means of dismissing the Russian ambassador because of the sufferings of Warsaw; and a great many of them, perhaps, understand about as much of the Polish question as Mr. Ruskin does of the theories about the rise and fall in the value of gold. It is pure nonsense to say they can have no "ideas" to paint unless Lord Russell will declare war against Russia; what space or share do Lord Russell and Poland occupy in their minds? what's Hecuba to them, or they to Hecuba? Above all, why must they be destitute of sentiment because Lord Russell declines for the sake of sentiment to kindle war and bloodshed on the Continent? Mr. Ruskin's sadness, which prevents him from discussing the laws of perspective and outline drawing, probably seems to those young persons a description of male green-sickness, of which they have never heard before except in Shakespeare. China is depressed, and the British merchants, in spite of religion and morality, go on violating the revenue laws about opium. The New Zealand natives are having a very uncomfortable time of it, what with English bayonets and Armstrong shells. The most deplorable events are going on in Lithuania, and it is only the other day that General de Berg deported 300 Polish inhabitants to Siberia without trial. Therefore, the young people of the Liverpool Institute are not to be taught the use of the crayon, how to cut their pencils, or how to mix colours upon a plate. The train of reasoning is a curious one, and could only have occurred to a literary Hamadryad like

Mr. Ruskin, who is completely at the mercy of his vague impressions, who suffers from every change of wind and weather, and who is the victim of the atmosphere and the elements at large.

The argument by which Mr. Ruskin proceeds to prove that he is not a maniac because he reasons thus, is so singular that it deserves reproduction. It casts a strange and fantastic light upon the movements of his mind, and explains a great deal that is utterly unintelligible without it, from parts of his "Modern Painters" itself down to the very wildest and most ludicrous of his recent lucubrations upon political economy. Like all inconsequent thinkers, he bases his views upon an analogy.

"Suppose I had been engaged by an English gentleman to give lectures on art to his son. Matters at first go smoothly, and I am diligent in my definitions of line and colour, until one Sunday morning, at breakfast time, a ticket-of-leave man takes a fancy to murder a girl in the road leading round the lawn, before the house windows. My patron, hearing the screams, puts down his paper, adjusts his spectacles, slowly apprehends what is going on, and rings the bell for his smallest footman. 'John, take my card and compliments to that gentleman outside the hedge, and tell him that his proceedings are abnormal, and, I may add, to me personally offensive. Had that road passed through my property I should have felt it my duty to interfere.' John takes the card, and returns with it; the ticket-of-leave man finishes his work at his leisure; but, the screams ceasing as he fills the girl's mouth with clay, the English gentleman returns to his muffins, and congratulates himself on having 'kept out of that mess.' Presently afterwards he sends for me, to know if I shall be ready to lecture on Monday. I am somewhat nervous, and answer—I fear rudely—'Sir, your son is a good lad; I hope he will grow to be a man—but, for the present, I cannot teach him anything. I should like, indeed, to teach *you* something, but have no words yet for the lesson.'"

The above illustration rests entirely upon one odd hypothesis, which runs all through everything that Mr. Ruskin says or does,—the belief, namely, that every drawing-master is sent down on earth to teach philosophy and politics as well as drawing. Why a gentleman's son should not be taught to rule straight lines because his father is unfeeling, is a labyrinthine thought that seems happily peculiar to a certain class of intellects. It is difficult to see why, on the same principles, the gentleman's son in question should not go without his breakfast; or why the footman might not lawfully refuse to bring up coals to the study because the head of the establishment in the next room did not contribute with sufficient liberality to the charities of the parish. The absurdity of the analogy does not rest there. Supposing even that the conduct of the Emperor of Russia to his Polish dominions were such that so violent a metaphor as that which Mr. Ruskin pleasantly adopts were not altogether extravagant, there would be no parallel between Mr. Ruskin's position as voluntary instructor of Liverpool youths and the drawing-master in the fable, who holds an office in the family. Mr. Ruskin is not a Government servant. He occupies no official place in the State, or, if he does, we have not yet heard that he has resigned it. With the best and kindest wishes for his glory and honour, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that his abstaining from lecturing at Liverpool on works of art can be considered as a national judgment. It may be doubted whether Lord Palmerston's Ministry feel the blow, or whether the important event has not fallen very flat upon Downing-street. Mr. Ruskin is not in any national position in which it becomes necessary for him either to adopt or to repudiate anybody or anything. It simply comes to this, that, like some other private persons, he considers Lord Russell's Polish policy not sufficiently spirited. This is no reason for not lecturing on drawing. If all the mistakes of the British Government are to produce these convulsions in the relations of private life, the State must be a living animal of a highly nervous system, all the members of which are endowed with the acutest sensations; as, indeed, it is very likely that Mr. Ruskin,—who has a wonderful genius for mixing up romance, and mythology, and politics, and natural history,—sincerely believes is the case. Lord Russell declines to send the English fleet to the Baltic, therefore Mr. Ruskin shivers, and loses his healthy appetite for communicating information on the subject of pre-Raffaellite art to mankind. Let us hope that so healthy an organ will revive. Otherwise, if this contagion of political sensibility spreads, the spirits of every profession in the kingdom will fluctuate with the funds, and all trade will stop every time an unfortunate measure is taken by her Majesty's Cabinet. Professor Kingsley will decline to lecture on God in History at Cambridge until Lord Palmerston brings in a new Reform Bill, giving *ipso facto* the franchise to all muscular Christians. The curates in the country parishes will here and there refuse to read the Litany, or to baptize any children of tender years, in consequence of the detention of the steam-rams. "J. O." must for conscience sake go into a moral quarantine, and abstain from all communication with his fellow-creatures so long as Colonel Crawley is unhung; and Mr. Thomas Hughes will be compelled to retire into private life until slavery is extinguished in the

Confederate States of North America, and greenbacks reign triumphant from Washington to New Orleans.

The abuse of England in Mr. Ruskin's letter seems almost too much of a shrill scream to have serious weight with any human being. There is nothing good in art itself which corresponds to his notion of passion without power. The idea of a rather excitable gentleman sitting at Zurich and shrieking that he never will give lectures on art to English students so long as Lord Palmerston governs the country as he does, is not one that affects us with admiration for the particular prophet's genius, or his teaching. It is not at all like Jeremiah. It does not remind us in the least of Socrates. Upon the topic in question much may be said upon both sides, and it is well known that many able thinkers doubt whether England's Continental policy is as active and generous as it should be. The question is not one which is likely to be decided by Mr. Ruskin's scream from Zurich. This habit of screaming is one which never will grow on English people. It is one which Mr. Ruskin seems to have contracted in an evil hour. So long as he exercised it by screaming about trees, it was one thing. A year or two ago he took it with him to the study of political economy. He now appears to be travelling on with it in the direction of politics at large, as shrill-toned and as violent as the loudest railway steam-engine that ever whistled.

It is an old fallacy—a well-known misconception—that lies at the bottom of all; and it is one that is not confined only to Mr. Ruskin, though it flourishes and abounds most of all in his luxuriant garden. The ideas with which an artist has to do may safely be said to reside thousands of miles from the ideas with which Mr. Ruskin wishes to meddle. His opinions on art are valuable, though extreme, and he is one of the best draughtsmen living. Why is it to be supposed on this account that he has a mission to teach the world the laws of supply and demand, or to pronounce authoritatively on questions of politics or finance? All this is part of the creed of the school. There are a certain number of misguided people who believe that generous impulses will make up for want of special knowledge upon special subjects. Professor Kingsley rushes into print about the laws of cotton and Lancashire distress. Mr. Ruskin sneers at men who have made political economy the study of their lives, and stumbles gaily, at his own sweet will, through regions of science, just as the spirit leads him. The excuse of such people is that they have a mission, and that to express their opinions on things in general is part of it. Happily for the world, the opinion is not prevalent, or the world would be driven mad by the vociferations of genius.

There is a very good proverb which tells us that the shoemaker should stick to his last. It embodies in a few words all that can be said on the subject of the value of the division of labour. If Mr. Ruskin had remembered it, he would not at this moment be sighing over Great Britain's follies at Zurich, nor would he be at this moment the laughing-stock of half Liverpool. Nor, indeed, is he quite consistent in his views. If one and all are so much bound up and involved in the State that one and all are answerable for her errors, what shall we say to Mr. Ruskin? Why is he still at Zurich? Why is he not flying on wings of love to Poland? If the disgrace of not-fighting for the Poles is so flagrant that it comes between Mr. Ruskin and his countrymen, ought not Mr. Ruskin—if he wishes to be logical—to be fighting for the Poles himself? We think he had better either come back quietly and humbly to Liverpool and share English discredit, or else go on a little further—like a hero—to Warsaw. Either he should keep to his pencil, like an artist, or boldly unsheath his sword, like a warrior. A middle course is neither artistic nor glorious: it is solely and simply laughable.

COLONEL KNOX AND HIS OPERA-BOX.

THE history of some of the great theatres of London would afford ample materials for a painter or a poet. The rise and downfall of most of them, like the Trojan war, are full of heroic incident and episode, and, as in the case of the Trojan war, we frequently have a woman at the bottom of the story. When the Adelphi declares war upon the Haymarket, or Covent Garden upon Her Majesty's, there is too often a fair and fugitive Helen whose migrations are the chief source of the strife. While it lasts, the conflict is upon a majestic scale, and reproduces all the longevity, all the hardships and heroism of a siege. The gods and goddesses of society, like the gods and goddesses of Homer, now side with the Greeks and now with the Trojans. Rich potentates from the City, or Thessalian princes from the country, arrive at intervals to swell the ranks of either party. When the stronghold falls the fight is not over. A new citadel springs from the ruins and the ashes of the old. The struggle, suspended between the original

belligerents, is carried on by their colonists and their descendants. It is from generation to generation one long, perpetual contest, resulting in the impoverishment of many heroes, who in Homeric language may be said to become thereby, before their time, the portion of the dogs, and resulting, too, in the enriching of the legal profession and the growth of the fees of the courts of law. The sorrows of Covent Garden have in this way come before the public, enshrined in a curious story, which is to be gathered from the records and progress of a Bill in Chancery. The theatrical historian is, indeed, usually one and the same as the ordinary law reporter. It is in the dust of law chambers at the Temple and at Lincoln's Inn that materials for the tale of Troy are found. A full cyclic poem, containing the narrative of Covent-garden and of Mr. Gye, lies at present before Vice-Chancellor Wood. Strange to say, there is not a single heroine mixed up with it. The manager of Covent Garden and his adversary have not gone to law for an idea. There is no greater romance connected with the litigation than the romance of friendship; and the latest Trojan war seems to have been waged for purely commercial ends, with which the female sex has no special concern.

Colonel Knox, the plaintiff in the Chancery suit, according even to the story told by his enemy in the gate, Mr. Gye—against whom the suit was brought—is one of those rare and radiant beings who are the benefactors of their kind. If Mr. Gye's version be correct—as Vice-Chancellor Wood is inclined to believe—Colonel Knox has done more for Covent Garden than many men would do for their own brothers, and from the same lofty motives of disinterested affection. He has spent sums ranging up to the total of £20,000 on the house, without a prospect of or even a right to ask for its return. Such men are not visitors of every day occurrence. Mr. Gye repaid his friend Colonel Knox with boxes on the pit-tier; but Colonel Knox ought by rights to have had an altar upon the stage, with *prima donnas* to hang votive bouquets on its steps. No testimonial could have been too splendid for such a man; and when Mr. Gye, at last, instead of wreathing his pit-tier box with flowers, asked Colonel Knox to migrate to a higher but less magnificent position, we do not wonder that Colonel Knox turned with indignation upon what he imagined to be the serpent he had nurtured in his bosom. The petition of Mr. Gye may have been but a straw. Yet straws show the wind, and the winds of heaven do not cut the cheek so keenly as the request to give up his pit-tier box to a stranger seems to have cut Colonel Knox's heart. It was in vain that Mr. Gye, when too late, endeavoured to pacify the indignant and outraged Colonel. Letters passed which gradually became more and more acrimonious. "My dear Fred" was shortened into "Sir," and "Yours very sincerely" faded into "I am,"—a sounding and warlike signature, conveying in its note menaces of coming war and of an expensive Chancery suit. When the correspondence was over Colonel Knox shook off the dust from his feet, and prepared for decisive action. In begging the Colonel to leave the pit-tier, Mr. Gye had in reality killed off Covent Garden's golden goose.

The immediate result of the quarrel about the pit-tier box was to convert Colonel Knox from a benefactor into a claimant and a creditor. Hitherto it had been perhaps hastily assumed by Mr. Gye that the Colonel was a species of benevolent angel who had nothing to do with his money but to lend it to opera-houses in distress. It was the sort of walking middle-aged gentleman we hear of in Eastern climes, and sometimes dream of in our dreams, and who appeared to Mr. Gye to have come straight from Asia or Arabia to Covent Garden to settle down quietly in the pit-tier. The explosion revealed the awful truth that the Colonel's opinion of his position was very different. He regarded himself—it now turned out—not as a donor, but as a partner, and a partner who for ten long years had been kept waiting for an account. For this account he declared he would wait no longer, and to obtain this account he appealed to the Court of Equity. The view of their relations thus presented to Mr. Gye was as novel as it was unpleasant. Colonel Knox, no longer in the character of an affluent Indian potentate, but of an indignant claimant, was no longer Colonel Knox. And we may well believe that, as Colonel Knox with perfect good faith believed himself to have a personal interest in the profits of the concern, Mr. Gye as sincerely and honestly gave Colonel Knox credit for being one of those affable and simple-minded genii, with whom we meet occasionally in some Arabian nights' tale, and who have no object in life but to shower treasures on the heads of their admirers.

The controversy which now ensued has at last exhausted itself after a rather tempestuous suit in Chancery. There was evidence on both sides of the question. There were some facts which seemed to show that Colonel Knox rightly claimed to be a human

being looking before and after, and of a speculative turn of mind ; some facts, on the other hand, that appeared to indicate that Mr. Gye was right in forcing on the Colonel a character for superhuman virtue and immortal unselfishness. Some men, says Shakespeare, have greatness thrust upon them. Virtue and disinterested friendship by the decision of the Court were thrust upon the Colonel. The Vice-Chancellor was of opinion that in bestowing his favours he had looked for no reward at all in case the money was lost, and only for his money back if the speculation was successful. The Colonel's Bill was dismissed with costs ; though there was a skeleton draft of a letter which, if the Colonel could have proved he had ever posted it to Mr. Gye, might have given a new complexion to the affair. But as the requisite proof was wanting Mr. Gye triumphed, and the Colonel, discomfited and defeated, took up his place once more as a *philanthrope, malgré soi*, with the Cardinal Virtues and the Eternal Verities, and Charity and Patience, and all the great benefactors of mankind. Provokingly enough, the Vice-Chancellor seemed to think the Colonel's character beyond a doubt, and insisted on being convinced that he had been actuated by the most unselfish motives ; not to mention a pure love of music and a sincere desire to improve the stage.

What is, however, a most extraordinary feature of the case, and one that completely confounds all preconceived notions about human nature, is the astonishing truth that in the course of the proceedings two other celestial visitants appear to have visited Mr. Gye, very much like the Colonel in disposition, equally opulent, and nearly as disinterested. Mr. Gye is a lucky man. He has entertained angels. He has had lifts and assistances which no human being ever had before except in a fairy tale, and no manager of an opera-house even in that. To read, in these days of commercial avarice, of the people whose path he has crossed, would make the richest man's mouth positively water. There was a Sir William de Bathe, in 1850, who lent him his security for £3,000, and who retired in 1851, declining altogether to receive any of the profits, which, in 1851, were not inconsiderable. Any man in Europe ought to be proud to make the acquaintance of Sir William de Bathe. There was poor Mr. Thistlethwayte, in the Guards, who advanced at least £12,000 for the house, and who, before he died in the Crimea, actually bequeathed his share in the concern to Mr. Gye and to Colonel Knox. He seems to have been as confiding and as generous a patron as even the Colonel himself. These are deeds that do credit to human nature. They gratify the heart, and the narrative of them might make an old man young. Colleges have their benefactors and founders, in whose honour they keep yearly holiday, and whose praises on certain state occasions they recite. But if Covent Garden erects no monument to Knox, to Thistlethwayte, and to De Bathe, gratitude is an empty sound, and *Astræa* must indeed have departed from the earth.

It is not everybody, however fortunate, who is born to the possession not merely of one but of three golden spoons. But Mr. Gye's assertions about the terms on which the Colonel gave his money receive a certain weight and authority from the fact that the Colonel was not alone in his offices of philanthropy and kindness. Something exceptional evidently plays round Mr. Gye's head. He is destined for great things ; and we may safely predict to him that *Fortune* has marked him for her own. *Tu Marcellus eris, si qua fata aspera rumpas*. One opulent and amiable lunatic more or less does not make the story more improbable. The infection seems to hover and abound in the vicinity of Covent Garden ; and after all that has happened, it is not certainly Colonel Knox's pre-eminent charity that will surprise us. But there are lessons to be found in the Chancery suit from which Colonel Knox and Mr. Gye may both derive a wholesome lesson. The first is a very simple one, and it was well put by the Vice-Chancellor. The case, he said, afforded an additional illustration of the extreme importance, to persons connected by the ties of friendship or relationship, of having all their engagements placed in writing in a clear and definite shape. If this had been done, there would certainly have been no lawsuit between the patron and the manager of Covent Garden. The true reason why it was not done perhaps lies in a nutshell, and perhaps, too, lies at the bottom of the whole affair. Most likely, both Colonel Knox and Mr. Gye alike shrank from coming to a clear explanation, and preferred, as people often will, to leave matters in a friendly and indistinct haze, and to trust to the chances of the future. Then the quarrel came, and all explanation was too late. It is the common history of family quarrels. It is the common history of the end of many a friendship. So much for the lesson inculcated at the expense of the amiable Colonel. There is, however, on the other hand, an excellent piece of advice, which we cannot refrain from bestowing

gratis on Mr. Gye. It is not so great a gratuity as those he has been in the habit of receiving from the De Bathe and the Thistlethwaytes of the story ; but it has its value. In this particular case, if he had received it earlier it might have been worth many thousand pounds. It is very short and easy to understand, and we dare say he will not forget it. The next time he meets with a benevolent angel in the disguise of a military man, who lets him have £20,000 upon the most angelic terms, and who contents himself with appropriating in return one box upon the pit-tier—let Mr. Gye leave him in possession of that pit-tier. So long as the Colonel occupied it Mr. Gye might have said to himself in the words of the "Rape of the Lock,"—"All Arabia breathes from yonder box." And it was under the influence of an evil star and a most expensive economy that he first conceived the project of screwing the Colonel up into a less comfortable situation. The pit-tier box, in this instance, is the moral and the kernel of the Chancery law-suit as far as Mr. Gye is concerned. To indifferent spectators the moral of the story is nothing but what is most pleasing and most interesting. Philanthropy exists. Amiable gentlemen of an independent fortune do in reality walk the earth, scattering guineas where they go. Rich nabobs are not altogether a poet's sick dream. There are fountains perpetually turned on somewhere, if we could only find them, from which the milk of human kindness is for ever flowing. This is a wholesome and an edifying thought, and the humblest of us may live in hopes of some day or other coming across the luminous trail of a De Bathe, a Thistlethwayte, or a Knox.

OUR NEGRO TROOPS.

AMONGST the episodic incidents of the war now raging in America there is one of peculiar interest, as it involves the probable solution of a vexed problem in the philosophy of race. The question of the capacity of the negro for military service has been raised in a practical form. As is well known, the Federal party has already had recourse to the employment of negroes as soldiers, and regiments entirely composed of men of that complexion have been engaged in actual warlike operations ; while an intention of trying that experiment on the largest scale has also been intimated by the authorities of the Southern States. It is, therefore, not unlikely that the manly qualities of the negro, and his capability of bearing arms with efficiency, will soon be put to a decisive test. As the matter is in a degree still under debate, it may not be inopportune to point out that for many years—for a period almost coeval with the establishment of the standing army of Great Britain on something like its present extended footing—men of African birth and origin have been enrolled in the service of this country, and the regiments of which they are composed have always taken their places in the regular corps of the line. Under the designation of West India regiments, a considerable body of negroes proper have performed the duties of British soldiers in all respects, with the exception that their services have been local, and in the main confined to our tropical colonies.

During the war which was brought to a close in 1815, at least six of these black regiments were enrolled in our army, and were employed on active service in the contests which took place between France and England for the possession of some of the islands on the Caribbean Sea. They were subsequently reduced to three regiments ; but some idea of the value of their services, even now may be formed, from the fact that within the last year two more of these corps have been raised, and there are now five West India regiments of infantry, and an artillery corps, stationed on the Gold Coast, in the army of the Queen of England. Originally these corps were enlisted while the slave-trade flourished ; and they were recruited, it is to be feared, pretty much in the same way as the plantations were supplied with labourers ; but in later times they have been enlisted in the same manner as the rest of our army, and their service is voluntary. The men were and are all Africans, and were formerly generally known amongst white soldiers and colonists under the generic name of "Congoes." The officers are now drawn from the same source as those of the rest of the army, although at one time a considerable number of them were gentlemen connected with the colonies, who were in those stormy times desirous of adopting the military profession. Many if not all of the non-commissioned officers are blacks, of the same race as the men, and it may be said, in brief, that in good discipline these troops are excelled by no white corps ; their attachment to their officers is remarkable, while their docility causes them to be easily managed ; and, when the difficulties interposed by a want of community of language are got over, they are singularly tractable, and are readily trained into good soldiers. Those who have

seen a West India regiment reviewed in company with white regiments of the line know that in marching, and all the ordinary manoeuvres of a field-day, it holds its own with something more than credit. The bands are composed of musicians who are all blacks; and there is a tradition in Jamaica that the band of one of these regiments was so good a one as to be in greater request for festive occasions than those of the white regiments stationed in the island. It is worth mentioning, as a matter of detail, that one of the chief difficulties in the making of an African into a British soldier arose from the conventional dress of our troops. The close-buttoned coat was trying; the stock was an abomination; but the military boot was the worst infliction of all, from the peculiar structure of the African foot. This is all changed now, for the West India regiments are clothed in the Zouave costume; and any one who is curious to see specimens of negro soldiers, has only to repair to Chatham, where a small dépôt of these colonial corps is stationed, with a view to their instruction in musketry, which is an essential part of our army drill. He may there see what they are like.

These black corps have in their time seen service, and have always done their duty well and soldierly. At the capture of the islands of Dominica, Martinique, and Guadeloupe, in the war with France, they formed part of the expeditionary forces. They have been constantly engaged in the expeditions which have been sent from our settlements in Africa against the natives; where we hear of their storming stockades and entrenched works, or serving guns as artillerymen with excellent effect, and this so lately as last year; and all reports speak of them as acting in such a manner as to entitle them to take rank practically, as well as theoretically, with good British soldiers. The experiment which is about to be tried in America has therefore been already made; and notwithstanding that the body-guard of the King of Dahomey consists of Amazons—a fact which by implication casts a slur on the warlike capabilities of the male African,—experience has shown that, when well-trained, well-treated, and well-led, the black is a good, a brave, and, above all, a most faithful soldier.

These observations apply to the pure-blooded African; for it has not as yet been the policy of this country to enlist from the native negro population of our colonies, who, notwithstanding their obvious descent from the African race, are decidedly antagonistic to what they call the "Congo." This hostility, indeed, is mutual; for which cause, perhaps, the negro troops in the West Indies are not the less useful, since it may be, and often has been, the duty of the black soldier to suppress riots and insurrection amongst the negroes in the colonies;—a duty which he has always entirely and faithfully performed. The case of the West India regiments, therefore, is not quite parallel with that of the negro soldier who is arising in America; but at least it is a safe starting point from which to argue on the advisability of engaging black troops in the struggle which is now going on, regard being had only to what may be called the fighting part of the question; that is to say, whether the negro will make a good fighting man. The result of the system, so far as it has been adopted in the Federal armies, would lead to the belief that there is very little doubt about this. Since the measure was passed by Congress, authorizing the President to enrol, engage, and receive into the land and naval service of the United States volunteers of African descent, it is stated that 22,000 coloured men have been actually enlisted, armed, and equipped, whilst 50 regiments of 1,000 men are in course of formation. How the two black regiments which led the assault on Fort Hudson behaved is well known. It is said of them that they made charge upon charge on the batteries, and were mown down like summer grass, many with mutilated limbs closing up the thin ranks and pressing in, careless of life, and mindful only of honour and duty, with a sublimity of courage unsurpassed in the annals of war. Braver words could not be spoken of any troops. The officer commanding an expedition, who had black troops in his force, states that a coloured man was the real conductor of the whole expedition; a man of extraordinary qualities, who needed nothing but a knowledge of the alphabet to entitle him to the most signal promotion. The same officer adds that nobody knows anything about these men who has not seen them in battle, and that it would have been madness to attempt with the bravest white troops what he had successfully accomplished with black ones. Another Federal general reported that the negro troops under his command, when engaged with the enemy, behaved with the utmost bravery; never in a single instance could he learn that they had flinched. In truth, it would seem that the mere fighting qualities of the negro have gone far to overcome that prejudice against colour which the white men of the North have hitherto rather cherished than struggled against. The courage of the

negroes is said to have called out better feelings; and men of the white regiments who have fought side by side with the blacks have declared that they had no longer feelings of distaste or contempt for blacks who showed such pluck. It seems, then, to be clearly established as to the negro that he can and will fight with the best of any race.

As to other qualities of a soldier, qualities which are as essential to him as courage in the field, there appears to be equal aptitude on the part of the coloured men who have enlisted—all of them voluntarily, by the way—in the Federal armies. There is ample testimony, even from witnesses who by their prejudices and their habits must be presumed to be hostile to the negro, when he is proving his qualification to the rights of manhood. It is deliberately asserted that the drill of the negro troops is good, their time excellent; they quite equalled the white regiments in skirmishing, while no troops take up the "manual exercise" so readily. An artillery officer, who has a battalion of coloured troops under his direction, states that as artillerymen he has no better soldiers; they are quiet and active at their guns, accurate at their drill, and take a pride and pleasure in the discharge of their duties. In another department of what are called the scientific branches of the military service they have been tried, and not found wanting. A negro Engineer corps of 1,200 men has been organized with complete success; and in one brief sentence it is declared, by an officer of experience and distinction, that, having tried the negroes in every branch of the service, he found them adapted equally well for infantry, artillery, engineers, and cavalry. Again, we are told, in reference to the details of their organization, that, taking a pride in their position, they exhibit great neatness and care of their persons, uniforms, arms and equipments, and in the police of their camps. Usually skilful cooks and providers, they exhibit much resource in taking care of themselves in camp—admirable points all these in the character of a soldier, and which belong only to those of the very first class. It is said, also, that negroes have proved themselves especially daring and serviceable as scouts; and the formation of corps of coloured guides with each division of every army has been strongly recommended. It would be possible to multiply evidence of this nature, but enough has probably been adduced to make out the case, that the negro is deficient in none of the qualities which are required for military service.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the experiment, so far as it may be taken to have been tried with success, has as yet been confined to the free negro of the Northern States of America. It is yet to be seen whether the black slave of the Southern States will be equal to a like situation. It is true that the proposal that the Confederate Executive should raise negro regiments is founded on a peculiar species of bounty offered to the black recruit. Enlisted by some kind of conscription he will be asked to fight with the badge of bondage still upon him, but with the ultimate prospect of emancipation, and a grant of land as his reward, if he escape the chances and perils of warfare. It seems only reasonable to suppose that these conditions are not exactly calculated to kindle enthusiasm in the negro conscript, or to arouse in him any latent quality of soldiership which he may possess. He will after all be only exchanging the labour of the hoe and spade for the labour of the musket and the march, with the trifling addition of the dangers of battle, and the chance of death in fields where the slaughter is wholesale, and where men fall daily, not by hundreds, but by tens of thousands. Into the question of policy which is involved in the arming of the slaves of the South and their enrolment in the Confederate armies, it is not our purpose here to enter; but as regards what we may call the physical part of the subject, the reliance on black troops, recruited from the slave population, as fighting men for the Southern cause, it seems a somewhat hazardous experiment. We can conceive a set field of battle in which, North and South contending, black meets black; would the result there be certainly "the tug of war?" This would not be the same case as that of our West-India regiments in collision with the negroes of our colonies, but it would be a conflict between black people of the same race, habits, peculiarities, and with every sort of affinity between them; the only difference being that of bondage and freedom. It may happen that members of the same families are ranged in hostile ranks against each other, the one about to strike for himself; the other for his owner. Fraternization would seem to be inevitable in such a case, and with what result we can hardly doubt. It has been said by a Federal officer, that the key to the successful prosecution of the war by the North lies in the unlimited employment of black troops. If the South should likewise adopt a similar course, it might, in an unexpected manner, bring the civil war in America to an end.

THE BRITISH OYSTER.

THIS mild, meditative, melancholy mollusk is passing through a stage of great anxiety and distress. His gentle bosom is torn by conflicting emotions of interest and patriotism. Contending nations are fighting for him. Billingsgate is the scene of an oyster revolution. Last year the "natives" were selling at forty-two shillings a bushel; now they are at seventy shillings, with a prospect of further increase. In the retail shops of the metropolis the price has already advanced from sixpence to ninepence per dozen, and it is not improbable that about Christmas time the British oyster will be worth his weight in penny pieces! The future of the "breedy creatures," as Christopher North loved to call them, is thus seen to be truly alarming. The high price of salmon has been thought so serious a matter as to justify the intervention of Parliament. Is not the oyster more necessary to our palate even than the salmon? Does any one know that the oyster fishery ranks in value with the herring, mackerel, and pilchard fisheries? The oyster is not only a gastronomic luxury; it is also a tender and nutritive article of diet for invalids. But it is passing out of the reach of the lower classes, and, unless its upward progress can be arrested, it will become as rare a luxury at the table of the middle classes as salmon. By all means, therefore, let us have a Select Committee, or a Royal Commission, or even a European Congress, to consider why oysters are at a famine price, and what means, if any, can be devised to make them cheaper and more plentiful. Pending these elaborate, scientific, and international investigations, we would offer a few hints and suggestions, in the nature of *Memoires pour Servir*, just to indicate the contents of the coming Blue-book.

The first explanation of the famine price of oysters is the increased foreign demand. The timid, tender, and unassuming virtues of the British native oyster are at length beginning to be understood in foreign lands. Our oysters are shipped in large quantities to Ostend, for consumers in Belgium and on the Rhine; in still larger quantities to Hamburg, for Berlin, Northern Germany, and Russia. The St. Petersburg gourmets, we are told, gladly pay three shillings a dozen for the British native when they can get him fresh and fat. A few barrels are sent on to Moscow, and even to Odessa. Watt and Stephenson—British steamers and continental railroads—have brought the British oyster within the reach of continental epicures. Foreign travel has done the rest. The Englishman goes everywhere. He calls for the oysters of the country. He turns up his nose at them, and says, compassionately, "You should taste our natives!" When the foreign visitor comes to London he feasts upon this succulent food, washes it down with copious draughts of stout, and goes out to face the thickest London fog with a light and cheerful heart—a believer more than ever in the doctrine of "compensations."

It is the old story. The Romans ate oysters from Circe and the Lucrine Sea until about the time of Julius Agricola, when a barrel of "natives" found their way to Rome. Nothing else was talked about. The epicures found they had been eating "little watery pulpy dabs" from the Mediterranean, instead of the real oyster. They had been reverencing by a happy instinct a possible oyster, and this oyster they had now found at last. The Romans were great oyster-eaters, and the conquerors of the world admitted that in the British native they had discovered a "new sensation." They procured their first oysters from the Kentish coast, near the Reculvers, and our natives were fondly trolled off the Roman tongue as Rutupians, as may be seen in Juvenal's fourth satire. The Lucrine oysters were very small; and the luxurious dame of the sixth satire, who "ate large oysters at midnight"—

"Grandia quæ mediis jam noctibus ostrea mordet,"

knew, depend upon it, the vast superiority of the oyster brought from the white cliffs of Britain. Henceforward thousands of slaves were employed in procuring oysters for their imperial masters. A British native was worth his weight in gold in the capital of the ancient world; while we, more favoured, though less appreciative, proclaim that the delicious bivalve is at a famine price when he is measured weight for weight in the basest metal known at the Mint. It is pleasant to think that the British oyster was eaten with gusto by Julius Agricola, by Constantine Chlorus, who died at York, by his wife, the pious Empress Helena, and his son, Constantine the Great. Macrobius tells us that the Roman pontiffs in the fourth century delighted in these Rutupian oysters.

The modern Gauls and Germans, like the ancient Romans, were satisfied with such oysters as were known to them until the Kentish oyster, bearing the motto of his native county, *Invicta*, was placed before them. The Ostend oysters, which are the Edinburgh "Pandores," taken away young, and cleaned and fattened in the Ostend oyster beds, have been and are still much relished in

Germany. But the Kentish "native," like Truth itself, is not only "great," but "it will prevail." The oyster of Flensburg, in Holstein, has great fame in Northern Germany. It is well enough in its way, but a fresh white native by its side is as "Hyperion to a satyr." Thus the great German family, with the Slavonian race at their back, are beginning to dethrone their former idols, and to set up the Milton native oyster as the only true type of perfection.

The first cause of the present "famine price" is, then, the increased foreign demand. The second is the weather. The oyster has had to contend against a cycle of unfavourable seasons. He is a delicate, impressionable bivalve, whose fate it is to be misunderstood by his contemporaries. How ready the philosophers are with their gibes at him! "If a paucity of ideas and sensations constitutes happiness (they say), it must be better to be an oyster than a man." The oyster is certainly placid, but he has his feelings. The old notion of the fishermen was that the oyster loved music. Instance the ancient ballad still heard among seamen:—

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredger's song,
For he comes of a gentle kind."

It might be supposed that, secure and sheltered in his ocean-bed, the oyster is entirely indifferent to "winter and rough weather." Error! The memorable year of rain and cold which ushered in the Volunteer movement, but failed to daunt the courage and temper of our British youth, inflicted "a heavy blow and sore discouragement" upon the British oyster. Every cold and ungenial summer is fatal to his tender aspirations. The milky juice which rises to the surface of the water above our oyster-beds in the month of May asks for a kindly sun to harden it. When the weather is cold, and Sol turns a gloomy and shrouded face on the oyster-beds, the spat, we are told, swims out to sea and is devoured by numberless enemies; but when, on the contrary, the sun is bright and fierce, the milky substance soon sinks into its parent bed, and here, by means of a glutinous substance, the spawn fixes itself so fast to pieces of wood, old oyster-shells, stones, and other substances at the bottom of the sea, that it can only be separated by force. Given a series of cold and inclement seasons, and the oyster-beds being no longer renewed by young, become exhausted; for a "native" ought to be four years old, and is better in his fifth year. From such a cycle of ungenial summers we are, it may be hoped, at present emerging; but, under the most favourable calculations, it will be three or four years before the old equilibrium of supply and demand is established. Nay, unless some artificial means of propagation can be devised, it is doubtful whether, in the lifetime of the present generation, "native oysters" will ever be "twelve for sixpence" again. This is a melancholy look-out, and our men of science cannot too soon cast an eye upon these romantic and tender creatures to see if anything can be done for them in their island home.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Buckland, our foremost pisciculteur, has promised next year to take up the question of artificial oyster propagation. In France scientific experiments of this kind are carried on under the direction and at the expense of the Government. The importance of the English oyster fishery as a branch of trade is so great that every facility ought to be given for Mr. Buckland's operations. The French experiments have shown that much may be done for the formation of new oyster-beds and the improvement of old ones. The new beds are first covered with old oyster-shells and boughs of trees arranged like fascines. In 1859 about 3,000,000 oysters were laid down in the bay of St. Brieux, on the coast of Brittany. In the following year three fascines, taken up at hazard, contained 20,000 oysters, each of from one inch to two inches in diameter. The total expense of forming each bank was only 221 francs, and 300 fascines were laid down for this sum. Multiply 300 by 20,000, and 6,000,000 oysters will be obtained, which if sold at 20f. per 1,000, will produce 120,000f. If, however, the number of oysters on each fascine were taken at only 10,000, the sum of 60,000f. would be received, which, for an expenditure of only 221f., would give, as M. Laviciare, Commissary of the Maritime Inscription, remarks in his report to the French Government, "a larger profit than any other branch of industry."

This is the age of joint-stock companies, and we are accustomed to the sanguine calculations of projectors. But no mining, or quartz-crushing, or steam-ploughing, or hotel-building company promises in its wildest moments such returns as the French oyster-beds. Can nothing be done in England to extend the area of supply and improve the existing fisheries? An oyster-bed at the present moment is the true El Dorado—a mine of precious nuggets

There is every motive and encouragement in the existing prices to increase the supply. Whitstable and Faversham draw their "brood," or infant oysters, from the Essex fisheries. Until lately the supply was said to be equal to the demand, without any artificial laying down of oysters. But the unfavourable seasons have, we are informed, diminished the supply of "spat," "brood," and "ware," as oysters of the first, second, and third year respectively are called. Whether due economy is used in laying down "brood" under the most favourable conditions—whether new artificial beds cannot be laid down on various parts of the coast—and whether the deficiency of "spat" at the older beds cannot be supplied by importations from the Dorset or Cornwall fisheries—are matters deserving more attention than they have hitherto received. M. Coste, under the direction of the Emperor of the French, has published an interesting account of the French experiments in oyster-culture, but his book is little known in this country. The American oysters are larger and are said to be of much finer flavour than our choicest natives. A few were imported into Havre and laid down on the French coast, and we are told that they will this year be ready for the table. Why should not our oyster breeders and speculators go to Havre, and see if the American oyster can be acclimatised? If he thrives and is really so superior to the English "native" as all Americans aver, why should not artificial beds on the French plan be constructed for his reception and propagation?

To praise the oyster is to "gild refined gold and paint the lily." Yet we are unwilling to part from this succulent and delicate bivalve, which has afforded so much gastronomical enjoyment to man, without expressing an affectionate interest in his welfare. One can scarcely think of a fresh, white, fat "native," as one certainly cannot see him swimming in his own liquor, without a premonitory moistening of the palate, indicative of his gastric affinities with the "minister of the interior." One of his eulogists exclaims: "The oyster contains much nutritious substance which is very digestive, and produces a peculiar charm and an inexplicable pleasure. After having eaten oysters we feel joyous, light, and agreeable—yes, one might say fabulously well. He who has eaten oysters for the first time is best enabled to judge of this; for, soon after having eaten them, he will experience a sensation he never felt before, and never had an idea of." This sensation is experienced rather by those who eat oysters for lunch, and as a whet before dinner *à la Française*, than by those who eat them in the evening. Oysters are said to have a singular vivifying influence in cases where the nervous organs are affected. They are also often recommended to persons suffering from weak digestion. The medical man, however, usually accompanies his permission with a by no means unnecessary caution—that the oyster shall be thoroughly masticated. Too many persons bolt their oyster. Professor Wilson, in the *Noctes*, admits that he did. Dr. Kitchener knew better, for the oyster has not only a finer flavour, but is far more nourishing, when, as the worthy doctor says, he "feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmet tickling him to death." Oysters are said to increase the blood without heating the system, and taken before mid-day with a glass of wine—Chablis is preferred on the Continent—they often produce a most salutary effect upon delicate ladies and invalids.

People are truly to be pitied who cannot eat oysters. There are a few exceptional cases no doubt, but as a rule a child need no more grow up with a dislike for oysters than a preference for using its left hand. All young children, say under two years old, like them. When the little bipeds become older, particularly if they have discontinued eating them for a considerable interval, an unhappy fastidiousness often develops itself. The best method of overcoming this repugnance is said to be to take a piece of French roll (or milk-bread) thinly-buttered, and to put on it the oyster deprived of its beard. Squeeze a few drops of lemon on the "native" and pepper it, and then the incipient oyster-bater will usually eat it and admire the taste. An Englishman who grows up with an invincible distaste for a product of our shores which ancient and modern nations declare to be unique, loses such delicious gustatory sensations in health, and such a useful and powerful restorative in sickness, that he ought to be treated medically, and all his friends should concern themselves about his cure. Why should there not be a professor—say under the roof which shelters the gigantic Java oysters in Maiden-lane, whose duty it should be to lead the erring palate back to health and oysters, and to whom careful parents from the country might lead their children, as they take them to the London dentist? Could a guinea be better spent than in extirpating a silly prejudice, and qualifying the rising generation to enjoy these pleasant companions of midnight hours and mid-day feasts?

GOOD WORDS IN THE PRESBYTERY OF STRATHBOGIE.

A LITTLE more, perhaps, than half a century ago, the Southron who crossed the Tweed would find himself among a people whose ways and language were almost as strange to him as those of the French or the Dutch. Since then, however, the railway has exercised its modifying and assimilating influence on the people of Scotland, and the English tourist is rather surprised than otherwise at the absence of any striking national peculiarities among his fellow subjects in the North. He has to travel into remote, secluded districts, before he sees a tartan kilt, or his ears are saluted by the nasal drone of Gaelic. He learns that, on the whole, the people among whom he has come, live, and dress, and talk (with certain local variations not greater than are to be traced in different English counties) much in the same way as those whom he has left. There is, however, one sphere in which Scottish habits and turns of thought are still foreign to us, and peculiar to themselves. This is the sphere of theology and ecclesiastical affairs. A curious instance of the tendencies of Scotch Presbyterianism, in its most extreme and straitened form, has just occurred in the far North. The district of Strathbogie, besides the lyrical celebrity of its cabbage-stalks, has long enjoyed a bad pre-eminence in the records of the Registrar-General on account of the high rate of illegitimacy among its population. In some parts of the Strathbogie district, we find that of every three children one is a bastard; and the common average is 1 in 5; the rate for the rest of Scotland being 1 in 10, and for England 1 in 15. We might then fancy that the clergy of this district would direct all their efforts to check such flagrant and wide-spread immorality, and would have little leisure for dealing with trivial offences. When a house is on fire, there is something more urgent and appropriate to be done than cleaning the windows. When a man falls in a fit, it is not the mud on his boots that first requires attention. It appears, however, that the Free Presbytery of Strathbogie are anxious, above all things, to preserve the pure and spotless lambs of the flock from the contaminating perusal, not of "Tom Paine" or "Don Juan," not of Holyoake's tracts or Cardinal Wiseman's pastorals—but of *Good Words*! Here, then, is a people, living in the most shameless and systematic sin, and their pastors are in dread lest their minds should be polluted by a popular monthly magazine, in which many of the articles are of a religious tone and written by ministers of the Gospel. It is hopeless, indeed, for an Englishman to try to understand these Scotch Presbyterian ministers who can swallow so gross a camel and strain at so tiny a gnat. Yet the Strathbogians would, as a community, be very much disgusted if we doubted their piety; and we dare say that the local clergy are perfectly sincere.

The crusade against *Good Words*, however, although a purely Presbyterian manifestation, was first preached up in London. A Presbyterian clergyman raised the cry in the *Record*, which the far away Strathbogians have now taken up. We do not feel here called upon to discuss the specific charges of heterodoxy, which have been made with reference to some of the articles upon religious subjects that have appeared, at one time or another, in the pages of this magazine. It may well be that we should agree with certain of those objections, if it came in our way to pass judgment on the theological views of any particular writer, in a journal of miscellaneous literature such as *Good Words*. But those objections should, when it was thought fit to raise them, have been fairly stated and proved. Both in the strictures of the *Record*, and in the speeches of the Strathbogie ministers, we regret to find a very different spirit from that which is deemed, in secular affairs, to be becoming on the part of those who stand forward as accusers of their neighbour. Whatever may be the character of Dr. Norman McLeod's theological teaching in the press or in the pulpit, we may presume that he is amenable to the discipline of his own Presbytery at Glasgow and ready to justify his opinions, whenever he may be challenged to answer for them, before the ordinary tribunal of his own Church. We have nothing to do with that; but we protest against an attempt, by the abuse of ecclesiastical influence, to decry the circulation of a literary periodical, whose general tendency, without reference to its articles on religious topics, is to promote the intellectual recreation and the moral improvement of the people.

The main objection to the magazine is that it is a "mingle-mangle" of secular and religious literature. That, one would say, is its greatest merit, and it is certainly the cause of its success. Until lately, we must observe, there were magazines which were exclusively religious, and magazines which were exclusively secular. The former contained discourses of a very dull and uninviting

character; and the latter, as a rule, deliberately eschewed all reference to religion,—on the same principle that Miss Edgeworth wrote her novels. Pious parents were here rather in a dilemma. Their families would not read the religious periodicals, which were indeed unreadable, and they did not think the others safe or wholesome fare. It seemed wrong that the Devil should have all the best books, as Rowland Hill said he should not have all the best tunes. The Religious Tract Society saw this want, and supplied it to some extent by those admirable publications, the *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home*. There seemed, however, to be still room for a magazine, conducted on the same principle, but with higher literary, scientific, and artistic pretensions; and hence *Good Words* was started. It is distinctly stated to be a "magazine for all the week." Its object is "to reflect the every-day life of a good man;" not only in his times of special devotion and religious study, but also in those lighter hours which are given to "healthy recreation, busy work, intellectual study, poetic joy, or sunny laughter;" yet which should not the less be pervaded by a pious and reverent spirit. That idea, it appears to us, has been carried out with ability and success, and the popularity of this magazine has become a great fact of the day. *Good Words*, however, has not wanted detractors. Some of those folk who cannot believe in the efficacy of a medicine which is not nasty, or a virtue which is not sour, have discovered that there is a danger lest the whole of the magazine—that is, the secular as well as the expressly religious articles—should be read on the Sunday. To many sensible persons it has appeared, that *Good Words* was doing an excellent work in bringing home religious truth to many who would never have sought it elsewhere. But there are, at least in Scotland, a few persons who hold it is serving the Evil One by tempting pious "professors," who have taken it up for the sake of the sermons, to read the novels as well. Yet, were they wise, they might reflect that, at the very worst, *Good Words* is surely more "improving" than many of the other monthlies, wholly secular, which are so widely distributed amongst the people. If the fictions of Anthony Trollope and Miss Mulock are so very corrupting, and if it is certain that they will be read by hundreds of thousands wherever they appear, surely it is better that they should be taken, sandwich-fashion, between wholesome slices of Guthrie or any other sound divine. The bane and the antidote will thus be consumed together. On the other hand, we may be pardoned for doubting whether the Strathbogie saints can do much harm to their delicate consciences by devouring *Good Words* as a whole; while it is to be hoped that even the Strathbogie sinners will profit by being led to read and think about the sacred subjects therein considered.

MISS RYE AND HER EMIGRANTS.

WE are glad to see that Miss Rye's statement of the unworthy manner in which she and her charges were received at Dunedin, Otago, is confirmed by an impartial witness. The Dunedin correspondent of the *Times*, "making due allowance for the usual romance of a lady's letter," admits that her statement "is on the whole fair and truthful." With such an admission, we are at a loss to see what allowance on the score of romance is to be made. The writer charges her with having exaggerated the dangers and temptations to which single female immigrants are subjected; but this has nothing to do with the manner in which she and her *protégées* were received; and if she erred in exaggerating a danger, she at least showed by this very error how solicitous she is to protect young women who emigrate: which we consider is much to her honour, and a proof that she is the right woman in the right place.

It is satisfactory to learn that her remonstrances with the local authorities and the publication of her complaint in England have converted the people of Dunedin to a clearer sense of their duty in this matter. The Otago Government have appropriated the military barracks to the use of emigrants. "These buildings," says the writer, "are most beautifully situated, the position is salubrious, the accommodation ample, and the immigrants are quite removed from the busy parts of the city." Again, Miss Rye has been instrumental in promoting a "Servants' Home," in the city of Christchurch, as a residence for servants of good character when out of situations. This alone is a great gain. She was right, too, it appears, in her statement that there is room in every district of New Zealand for a large number of female immigrants of a suitable class—that is, of women fitted for general domestic labour. Upon this point the writer subjoins a report furnished to him by the Government immigration agent at Dunedin, who says:—

"A large influx of population from Britain came into the province

within the last month. The *Victory's* passengers, who arrived on the 12th of July, and were put in quarantine, were admitted to pratique on the 9th ult., and came to town the same day. There were upwards of 100 single females and about 90 young men suitable as farm servants. The females are now being readily engaged at wages averaging from £25 to £30. The farm servants and ploughmen among the number have been engaged at wages averaging from £50 to £60 per annum and rations. The ship *City of Dunedin*, from the Clyde, arrived with about 350 souls, consisting of farmers and country servants. The demand for shepherds and ploughmen has been very brisk of late, and that for good female servants has been equally so. Shepherds are readily engaged at from £60 to £70 and rations. Those classes of immigrants will always find ready employment in Otago, as the area of cultivation is yearly increasing, and a proportionate increase in the tillers of the soil is necessary to keep pace with it."—*Immigration Report*, Sept. 16.

Even educated women—though, perhaps, but a few of this class—can find remunerative employment in Otago. While there is a High School and several public schools for boys, there is a great want of educational establishments for girls. This want is so much felt that it has been decided to establish a female High School. Still, many parents objecting to send their daughters to a public school would be glad of private ones, or of governesses for them. Two young ladies who went out with Miss Rye have already opened a school with encouraging success. What now becomes of the ridicule, and something worse, with which Miss Rye's proposition was met in the beginning? She has clearly proved her case; and those who sought by unworthy means to defeat her excellent intentions and efforts, see their prophecies shamed by her success.

THE COURT-MARTIAL UPON LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CRAWLEY.

WE propose to trace as concisely as possible the proceedings before the Court-martial, so that our readers may have every material statement in the case before them, divested of the intricacies inseparable from a verbatim report.

The trial began upon Tuesday, Sir G. A. Wetherall, K.C.B., presiding. Colonel Crawley was arraigned upon two charges, which, in substance, are as follow:—

1st. For having at Mhow, in the month of May, 1862, when Sergeant Lilley was confined in close arrest, caused the orders under which he was so confined to be carried into effect with unnecessary and undue severity, whereby Sergeant Lilley and his wife were subjected to great and grievous hardships and sufferings.

2nd. For having in his address before the general Court-martial at Mhow, on or about the 7th day of June, 1862, attributed to Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon the blame of the undue severity with which the orders for the confinement of Sergeant Lilley were carried out, when, in truth, the blame rested with Colonel Crawley himself.

The passage in Colonel Crawley's address to the General Court-martial, on which this charge is founded, is as follows:—

"Close arrest necessarily implies a sentry over a prisoner, but it does not necessitate his being placed over a prisoner's wife or family, and I can assure the Court that no person could be more shocked than I was when I learned from the evidence of Sergeant-Major Lilley that his wife had been incommoded or annoyed by the precaution taken for his safe custody. It was Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimon's fault if any such thing occurred, for it was his duty as adjutant to have taken care that no such improper interference with the privacy of the sergeant-major's wife could have taken place. As it was, immediately I became acquainted with the statement of Sergeant-Major Lilley, I sent off orders to have the sentry removed to a post where he could perform his duty equally well without annoying or interfering with Mrs. Lilley."

The charges being read, Colonel Crawley was called upon to plead "guilty" or "not guilty." Before doing so, he protested against the charges, on the ground, 1st, that they were so limited as to preclude him from going into the substantial merits of the whole case with respect to the grievous imputations that had been made upon his character, and showing the circumstances out of which the acts with which he is charged arose, and the condition of things which constituted the justification of his conduct; and 2ndly, that while the first charge admits that the order for the close arrest of Sergeant Lilley was proper, it does not allege in what the unnecessary and undue severity of which he is accused is supposed to exist. He stated that though he had applied to the prosecution for leave to inspect and have copies of the depositions of the witnesses taken in India, which would have informed him of the particulars to which the first charge is pointed, his request had been refused. He then read to the Court a correspondence between himself and the Horse Guards, between the 14th of October last and the 5th instant, in which he prayed—1st, that the charges might be so extended against him as to give him an opportunity of refuting the allegations affecting him with reference to the death of Sergeant-Major Lilley, the admission into hospital of Sergeant-Major Wakefield as a raving maniac, and "all the infamous charges so pertinaciously circulated" against him; and, 2ndly, that the charges might be so enlarged as to enable him to put in evidence all the official correspondence concerning the cause

and particulars of the arrest of Sergeant-Major Lilley, and his two companions, and, so to disclose every material circumstance connected with the procedure, and prove to the public that he only discharged his duty in the steps which he took on that occasion. Both requests were refused by the Commander-in-Chief.

Colonel Crawley explained to the President that he did not put in his protest as a bar to the trial, but only in order to object to the charges as they were framed. He then pleaded "Not Guilty" to both.

Sir A. Horsford, K.C.B., the official prosecutor, then addressed the Court, and proceeded to state what were the issues which the prosecution considered were raised by the two charges. What follows is a summary of his speech, with occasionally verbatim extracts from it. He defined the scope of the first charge, and what matters would be necessary to substantiate it:—

"That part of the issue which is comprised in the words 'great and grievous hardships and sufferings' involved several considerations, and will be supported by several distinct kinds of proof. Your attention will, first, be directed to what may be termed the mere physical incidents of the case; and with reference to these there will be produced before you models of the buildings in which the Sergeant-Major was confined, and you will be enabled to judge how far the place of confinement, the position of the sentry, and the other local incidents of the confinement tended to produce the hardships and sufferings in question. 2. Your attention will be directed to the constitution and habits of the Sergeant-Major, and to the state of his wife's health at the time, in order that you may judge how such a man, so circumstanced, was likely to be affected by such a confinement. 3. You will have brought before you medical evidence of the actual consequences of the confinement. This will comprise generally the evidence respecting the hardships and sufferings sustained by Sergeant-Major Lilley and his wife, and will enable you to determine whether those hardships and sufferings were great and grievous."

With regard to the length of time during which the confinement lasted, he admitted that the prisoner had received an order from the Commander-in-Chief at Bombay to keep Sergeant-Major Lilley in close arrest till the trial of Paymaster Smales was finally adjourned. For the purposes of the present trial that order might be regarded as legal. But "as the confinement (by the strange terms of the order) was to be uncertain in its duration, it ought to have been made by the officer intrusted with its execution as little grievous as possible from its commencement."

"And as the course of events seemed to be rendering the confinement one of a more protracted character than could have been intended to be assigned to it by the Commander-in-Chief, it will be for you to consider whether some steps ought not to have been taken, either to ascertain whether any definite limit was intended to be assigned to it, or to represent to the authority who gave the order that the duration of the confinement seemed to be becoming greater than he would have intended it to be. I therefore propose to submit for your consideration whether, both in what the prisoner did do in the matter, and in what he failed to do in the matter, in respect to the duration of the confinement, undue severity was not shown towards Sergeant-Major Lilley."

The evidence to be adduced in support of this position would also enable the Court to determine whether the prisoner was answerable for the undue severity with which the close arrest was carried into effect. The prosecutor then stated what would be the bearing of the evidence as to the consequence of the confinement on Sergeant Lilley's health:—

"It will be proved to you that, in the opinion of the medical gentlemen who made a *post mortem* examination of the body, the death was not traceable to any excess in drinking brandy or other spirituous liquors of any kind, but to heat [and] apoplexy, caused by the confinement; and that the annoyances to which Lilley was subjected during his confinement contributed to the breaking down of his health; and that had he not been in confinement there were no medical reasons to suppose that he would not have been in perfect health at the time when he died. Their opinion, therefore (which you will learn from their own mouths) is, that the annoyances to which he was subjected, combined with the length of the confinement, were the sole known and assignable causes of his death."

But this would not raise the issue whether the prisoner was chargeable with having caused the death of Sergeant Lilley, but would only be used as sustaining the allegation, that his sufferings were great and grievous.

The second charge raised the issue whether the prisoner's statement that it was Lieutenant Fitzsimons' fault that Sergeant Lilley's wife was incommode is correct; and, if not correct, whether the prisoner, at the time of making it, knew that Lieutenant Fitzsimons had acted by his (the prisoner's) express orders. The prisoner made this statement to the Court-martial on the 7th of June, 1862. Sergeant Lilley gave his evidence to that Court on the 7th of May, 1862. The inconvenience to his wife, of which he then spoke, must thus have occurred between the 26th of April, when he was placed in arrest, and the 7th of May. It would be proved that up to the latter date the prisoner's orders about the position of the sentry had been most positive and precise; given by him to Lieutenant Fitzsimons in the presence of witnesses a very few days before the 7th of May, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Lieutenant Fitzsimons and Sergeant-Major Cotton.

The prosecutor then proceeded to call his witnesses. The Blue-book containing a certified copy of the proceedings before the Court-martial, held at Mhow on the 1st of April, 1862, was put in,

Colonel Crawley not objecting, though he believed it to contain certain errors. Major James Hyde Champion proved that the models of the bungalow in which Sergeant Lilley was confined, and of that in which he died, were correct representations. Colonel Crawley claimed the privilege of postponing his cross-examination of witnesses till the following day.

Lieutenant and Adjutant Fitzsimons was then called. He said that on the 26th of April, 1862, he was sent for to Colonel Crawley's house at Mhow, and ordered by the Colonel to place Sergeant Lilley and Sergeants Wakefield and Duval under arrest. He did so. Subsequently Colonel Crawley gave him a written order to the effect that they were to be kept in close arrest, with a sentry over the quarters occupied by each, and with orders to allow no one to hold communication with them, orally or in writing.

"A few days subsequently, at the regimental orderly room, in the barracks, Colonel Crawley said to me that persons held intercourse with the prisoner. He asked me if I knew what 'close arrest' meant. He said 'close arrest' meant that the sentry was not to lose sight of his prisoner night or day, and gave me orders that the sentries should be placed inside, so that they should not lose sight of their prisoners night or day. The Acting Regimental Sergeant-Major Cotton remarked to Colonel Crawley that Lilley was 'a married man.' Colonel Crawley answered to this effect—'Officer or soldier, married or single, he did not care.' I cannot say positively that the words 'a d—n' were added, but I think they were made use of. 'The duty shall be done,' he added. He ordered the acting regimental sergeant-major to go and see it done. I also made a remark, to the best of my recollection, on that occasion that Mrs. Lilley was sick, and that her husband was obliged to rub some liniment on her chest every day. Major Swindley was present on that occasion, so were Captain Weir, Quartermaster Wooden, and I think Sergeant-Major Cotton; if not actually in the room, he must have been just outside. I am not certain about him. I don't remember anybody else. After receiving these orders from Colonel Crawley I laid a written order for the posting of the sentries before him for his approval. He added one or two words in his own handwriting. I then gave the order to Acting Regimental Sergeant-Major Cotton in order that he should have the sentries posted accordingly. I have not got those orders now, nor a copy of them."

Witness had known Sergeant Lilley since he (witness) joined the regiment in 1859; always heard the highest character given him for sobriety, and had never seen him intoxicated. Never visited the sentries posted over him as orderly officer, and never received any order from Colonel Crawley to remove the sentry from inside Sergeant Lilley's quarters.

The examination of the witness now turned upon the line of conduct he pursued after being reprimanded by the President and members of the Mhow Court-martial, in consequence of Colonel Crawley's statement, that the posting of the sentry inside Sergeant Lilley's quarters was the witness's act, and not Colonel Crawley's; and after the remarks upon his conduct in the same sense by Sir Hugh Rose. He stated that on his return from leave of absence at Lucknow, he addressed a letter to the acting adjutant of the regiment for the information of Sir Hugh Rose, in which he represented that what he had done was done in pursuance of Colonel Crawley's orders. This letter, which was produced, is dated the 3rd November, 1862. Colonel Crawley sent for witness either on that day or the day after, and, after making several remarks upon the letter, gave it back to him, saying that if he wished he would forward it, or that he (witness) might take it back and make what alterations in it he pleased. The witness took it back, and, upon consideration, again forwarded it, with some changes, and with the request that it might be sent to Sir Hugh Rose. A fortnight afterwards Colonel Crawley again sent for him, and read to him, out of a letter written by Major Champion, Assistant Adjutant-General, remarks to the effect that, in the opinion of Major-General Farrell, commanding the Mhow district, the witness's conduct in appealing against the reprimand he had "justly" received from the President and members of the General Court-martial, and from his Excellency Sir Hugh Rose, was a very insubordinate course, and highly dangerous to his own prospects; and that an opportunity should be allowed him of withdrawing it. Thus admonished, the witness, on the 19th November, 1862, wrote to the acting adjutant of his regiment, to say that as Major-General Farrell had informed him, through his commanding officer, that it would be an act of insubordination on his part to forward his statement for the information of Sir Hugh Rose, he requested that he might be allowed to withdraw it. Again, Colonel Crawley sent for him, and read to him out of another letter from Major Champion a direction that he should assign no reason for withdrawing his letter. Accordingly, on the 22nd of November, 1862, Lieutenant Fitzsimons wrote to the acting adjutant of his regiment a request, pure and simple, to be allowed to withdraw his letter. All the letters referred to in this statement were produced and admitted. The evidence upon this point was adduced to show that Lieutenant Fitzsimons, as soon as he heard what Colonel Crawley had said of his conduct in his address to the general court-martial, did all in his power to show that he was willing and anxious to remove the impressions created by Colonel Crawley's statement.

Private Cuthbert Blake, of the 6th Dragoons, was next examined. He deposed that on the 1st of May, 1862, he was corporal of the guard over Sergeant Lilley; that on that day he posted the sentries outside Lilley's door, and was put under arrest for neglect of duty in not posting them inside; and was subsequently tried by a regimental Court-martial for that offence. The proceedings being

produced, it appeared that the Court found him guilty of a breach of the Articles of War in not posting the sentries according to the regimental order delivered to him; sentenced him, in consideration of his previous good character and the fact that there were no former convictions against him, only to 42 days' imprisonment, in addition to being reduced; and recommended him to mercy. Upon this finding of the Court the following remarks were made by the commanding officer, Colonel Crawley:—

"The prisoner has been found guilty of a very serious offence against discipline, under the circumstances one of the most serious he could well have committed. I attribute his crime rather to stupidity and ignorance of his duties than to any intentional lapse, and taking into consideration his long service and very good character, and the fact that his name has not appeared in the Defaulters' book for — years, I feel that I can safely assent to the recommendation of the Court in his favour, and, without endangering discipline, may remit the punishment which has been awarded by the Court. The prisoner will, therefore, rejoin his troop as a private dragoon.

Sergeant Edward Mills gave a similar account to that of the last witness of the posting the sentry on the 1st of May, 1862, outside Sergeant Lilley's door. He stated that Sergeant Lilley was allowed to take exercise for an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening, he believed by the surgeon's advice. He could not tell when the order to this effect was given; but Lilley was always accompanied when he took his exercise.

"At first they used to go jogging round the racecourse together, but afterwards an order was issued that the sergeant was to walk fifteen or twenty yards in rear on the general parade ground, so that there should be no conversation between them. It would be impossible to tell the date of the second order; these things occurred eighteen months ago. Sergeant-Major Lilley was a man who used to consume a deal of liquor. He used to drink very heavy, but could carry a great deal. The sergeant-major was a great, coarse, ignorant man, as witness should put him down. Had many a time seen him drunk. Never saw him drunk on duty. He used to ride about a great deal on a pony, but he could not walk much, as he had bad feet. Witness mounted guard over him a second time on the night of the 19th of May, and remained over him all day on the 20th. The second time there was some alteration in the orders about allowing the medical man in; the first time they would not allow anybody near him, except his native servant, and he was searched going in and coming out. [The witness pointed out on the model the different rooms in the bungalow where Lilley was first confined.] The sentry was stationed in the servant's room outside Lilley's bedroom. If Lilley went into the verandah outside, the sentry's orders were to accompany him there. The second time witness mounted guard over Lilley he was in the other bungalow. The sentry was then stationed in the inner verandah, because Lilley slept there on a couch that night. The orders which witness received, and which he gave to the corporal, were that the sentries were to keep their posts till properly relieved by the non-commissioned officer of the guard; on no account to lose sight of him, and not to allow him to hold communication with any one; to see no one except the medical officer and his native servant, who was to be searched going in and coming out, and if any written documents were found these were to be handed to the sergeant of the guard for the commanding officer's inspection. There was a written memorandum in the guard-room giving these particulars; in fact, there were two, one signed by Cornet Snell and one by Lieutenant Fitzsimon, but which was the earliest in point of time witness could not tell. Sergeant Lilley was removed from the first bungalow, because it had to be pulled down to make way for the new barracks."

Colonel Crawley, on the close of this witness's examination, applied for copies of the examination of witnesses taken in India for the purpose of the Court-martial at Aldershot. The Court then adjourned.

SECOND DAY.

On the reopening of the proceedings on Wednesday, Colonel Crawley declined for the present to cross-examine Lieutenant Fitzsimon.

He then prayed for a decision of the Court with respect to an application he had made the day before to be furnished with a copy of the examination of witnesses taken by the prosecution in India. Sir A. Horsford handed in the following written reply to this request:—

"No examinations were taken on behalf of the prosecution in India. It is believed that the answer given in this matter yesterday was correct—namely, that with a view of ascertaining what witnesses ought to be sent from India to England, as well for the prosecution as for the defence, the military authorities in Bombay examined several soldiers about their knowledge of what they thought to be the material facts of the case. How those examinations were conducted, in the presence of whom, or whether correctly reported, the prosecution have no knowledge, and as they cannot make use of them before this Court on behalf of the Crown, it is submitted to this Court that the prisoner cannot legally do so either. After a certain number of these examinations had been taken, Sir H. Rose issued an order that all persons whose evidence could by any possibility be needed, should be sent over to England, and then no more examinations, as far as is known to the prosecution, were taken."

The President decided that even if they were taken, they would not have been evidence. Colonel Horsford stated that the examinations were not taken on oath.

Major Champion was then recalled and cross-examined by Colonel Crawley. He said that he remembered both the bungalows in which Sergeant Lilley was confined; and that the

accommodation of the first was full and ample—far larger than is usually allotted to sergeants stationed in India—and that it was originally built as a staff-sergeant's quarters.

"The dimensions of the large room were about 34ft. by 16ft.; the two inner, 14ft. by 16ft.; the two bed-rooms, about 10ft. square. I cannot give all the dimensions accurately without reference to the model. Being requested to explain the model in detail, the witness said:—The table may represent the parade ground on which the building stands. In front of the building is the verandah, facing the east. You enter from the verandah by two doors into the large room. The large room has a roof of masonry, vaulted, and that room is shielded by a temporary grass roof; the inner bedrooms are roofed in the same manner. The inner wall, dividing the two rooms, has a door and doorway in the centre; these rooms have each a doorway in rear leading into very small apartments used as bath-rooms. There are windows on the north and the south sides which ventilate these apartments. The models on the table are constructed on the scale of one inch to 2ft., and the thickness of the masonry walls is accurately represented. The masonry walls were fully 2ft. thick. To the best of my belief, Sergeant-Major Lilley, during his first confinement, had free access to five rooms and a verandah. He occupied the same rooms before he was placed in arrest. It would not be a correct description of the first bungalow to say that 'it was a bomb-proof building, originally a stable, and unfit for the accommodation of troops.' It is not a true account of the state of things to say that it was 'more like an oven than a human habitation.' It is not true that the first bungalow was like 'the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the hold of a slave ship.' Captain Day, acting paymaster, with his wife and two or more children, with the usual establishment of servants, occupied a similar bungalow for several months. The counterpart of this bungalow is now used as the female hospital of the 6th Dragoons."

The witness said that he had taken some evidence as to the date at which Sergeant Lilley was removed to the second bungalow, and had ascertained it to be on or about the 12th of May, 1862. He then proceeded to describe that bungalow.

"The second bungalow was similar to those which were occupied by the married men of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, from December, 1861, to June, 1862. It had one point of advantage over many of the married quarters, inasmuch as it was at the end of the range of barracks, and therefore had a verandah on two sides of the room instead of one. Central barrack quarters had only the verandah on one side. I did not say of the room, but of the house. The second model is on the same scale as the first, and represents the end of a long range of barracks at Mhow, in which the Inniskilling Dragoons are quartered; but only that portion which was used by the late Sergeant-Major Lilley. The bungalow faces towards the south; on that face there is a glass door and two glass windows leading into a room 23ft. by 14ft. The only other outlet from that room is a door on the east side, leading into a smaller room 7ft. by 14ft. On the east side of this room is a door leading into the east verandah. These two rooms are roofed by double tiles, with a ventilator, and the verandah is roofed by single tiles. The height of the wall on the south side is about 12½ft., and of the north or back wall 18ft. The walls are of masonry. Beyond the north wall is a passage about 6ft. wide, and beyond that again quarters similar to those on the south side, but not shown in the model. These, however, are laid down in the plans. The bungalow I have now described is that in which Sergeant-Major Lilley died. I wish to add that the verandahs on the east and south sides are 15ft. wide, and communicate with each other. I believe Sergeant-Major Lilley had access during the latter part of his confinement to both rooms of the second bungalow as well as the verandah; but I never visited the sergeant-major when he was in solitary confinement. At the time I was there these and similar quarters were occupied by soldiers and sergeants. This second bungalow was not bomb-proof. There was a ceiling-cloth to the room, at the height of 12½ft. from the ground. The object of that ceiling-cloth was to keep the dust from the roof from falling into the apartment, and to make the whole room more comfortable in appearance. The building, in my opinion, was not 'unfit for human habitation.' It has not been 'pulled down.' When I left Mhow it was inhabited by the quartermaster-sergeant of the 6th Dragoons. He was a married man, and his name, I think, was Dibble."

Witness said that at the time when he saw this bungalow the large room contained the sergeant's wife's bed and some articles of furniture. The same ceiling-cloth that was in the room when Lilley died was there. He did not recollect if there was a chick between the sitting-room and the outer room. Produced a chick—a bundle of split bamboos worked close together by means of twine, and much resembling Venetian blinds, excepting that the edges did not overlap each other—which he had brought with him from India. When hung up in a doorway, a chick admits the circulation of air, but a passer-by cannot see through the chick into the apartment. It is customary to line these chicks in the centre with coloured calico, which completely obstructs the vision. There was no curtain stretched across the sitting-room when witness was there. The red curtain in his model is one that was said, by witnesses he had heard depose to the fact, to have been hung up in the apartment of the second bungalow when Sergeant Lilley lived there. Did not consider the part of this bungalow which was inhabited more unfavourable to the health of the occupant than any other part of it. Had perused all the correspondence between Colonel Crawley and the authorities in India as to the pulling down of the first bungalow and the providing of fresh quarters for Sergeant Lilley.

Colonel Crawley asked for the production of this correspondence, with a view to prove by it that he was anxious to obtain the best possible accommodation for Sergeant Lilley when his own house

was taken down. On the understanding that, if produced, the correspondence should be regarded as part of the prisoner's defence, and not as evidence brought forward by the prosecution, Sir A. Horsford consented to produce these letters. On being produced, it appeared from them that Colonel Crawley had desired to have the house intended for the accommodation of Sergeant Lilley made comfortable by having the roof chattered—i.e. covered with a light hay roof—and a verandah built; and, further, that Colonel Crawley had endeavoured to procure for Sergeant Lilley the use of a bungalow which had belonged to Captain Mellis, but was then occupied by Lieutenant Langster. The correspondence showed that it was not the fault of Colonel Crawley that comfortable quarters were not obtained for Sergeant Lilley.

The cross-examination of Major Champion then turned on the arrest of Sergeants Lilley, Wakefield, and Duval. On the 28th of April, 1862, the witness wrote to Colonel Crawley, repeating the verbal instructions given to him on the 26th to keep the sergeants in close arrest under sentries, and to forbid any one to have access to them except under Colonel Crawley's express permission. On the same day Major-General Farrell sent through the witness's office a letter addressed to the Deputy Adjutant-General, transmitting a letter of the 26th April with evidence from Colonel Crawley, and requesting to be informed whether the three sergeants should be brought to trial, and before what description of Court-martial. As this letter throws light on the state of the 6th Inniskillings at the time of the Mhow Court-martial, as well as upon the alleged offence for which Sergeant Lilley was placed in arrest, we give it verbatim:—

"From the Deputy Adjutant-General of her Majesty's British forces to Major-General Farrell, commanding Mhow division.

"Deputy Adjutant-General's Office, Mahabuleshwar, May 6, 1862.

"SIR,—In answer to your letter, No. 532, of the 28th ult., with its enclosures, I am desired by the Commander-in-Chief to remark that there does not appear, as shown by these documents, to be any sufficient grounds for bringing the non-commissioned officers concerned to trial for conspiracy. Assuming that it is in the power of the commanding-officer of the 6th Dragoons to prove that Sergeant-Major Lilley did utter the very objectionable language attributed to him, without bringing forward as evidence the declarations of the parties implicated (which could not be admitted, inasmuch as they had not been previously warned that their answers to the query would be so used), still Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley could only then bring him to trial for making use of such language behind the back of the person towards whom he was ill-disposed, viz., his commanding officer, although, doubtless, such language might be brought forward in corroboration of a charge of conspiracy, were other evidence forthcoming. If Sergeant-Major Lilley had given evidence very hostile to Colonel Crawley at the General Court-martial now sitting, the untruth of which was in Colonel Crawley's power to show, then the words attributed to him by Troop Sergeant-Major Moreton would have had very great weight or proof of a malignant feeling on the part of Sergeant-Major Lilley, besides being strong evidence of conspiracy. The Court prohibited the promulgation of any part of its proceedings, but the manuscript copy of Captain Smales's defence was received and read by Sergeant-Major Lilley on the 20th of April, or one day before it was delivered in court. Consequently in law it must be held that when communicated to Sergeant-Major Lilley it did not form part of the Court's proceedings, and therefore that on receiving it, and permitting others to read it, he did not violate the orders of the Court. So far (illegible) for (?) the exact legal rendering of the matter submitted by Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley, and therefore for the grounds which prevent his Excellency from proceeding by Court-martial against Sergeant-Major Lilley. Sir W. Mansfield now comes to the conduct of that non-commissioned officer, both in a military and a moral point of view. It is clear from the proceedings in the sergeants' quarters, which were noted by the President of the General Court-Martial now sitting at Mhow, and from the manner in which Captain Smales's defence was read and promulgated among the non-commissioned officers, that a clandestine, improper, and unsoldier-like proceeding with regard to this matter took place with the cognizance and sanction of Sergeant-Major Lilley. This act Colonel Crawley might fairly interpret into a conspiracy against his authority. Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley was therefore amply justified in taking the stringent measures he did for the obstruction of the further progress of such conspiracy, and it was his undoubted duty to do so. Knowing that they were committing an act which appeared to them to be wrong, certain non-commissioned officers met in a secret and clandestine manner, and it is evident that on that occasion words were used by Sergeant-Major Lilley expressive of great dissatisfaction with his commanding officer. His Excellency does not attempt to prejudge him, or to condemn him as guilty of the beastly and abominable expressions alleged against him; and whatever may have been Sergeant-Major Lilley's feeling towards his commanding officer, Sir W. Mansfield cannot but hope that there has been some misapprehension of the conversation referred to. He must, however, point out that it was Sergeant-Major Lilley's bounden duty to have at once exercised his authority in the Sergeant-Major Lilley's quarters to prevent the promulgation of any of the proceedings of the Court at any time whatever until they appeared in the public journals. It was still more his bounden duty, if the proceedings, or any portion of them, were being circulated (the reason of such circulation being too obvious to require comment), to have immediately brought the same to the notice of his commanding-officer, as he failed to do his duty in this respect it was necessary, in the interest of justice and discipline, for Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley to take measures to obtain this information, which ought to have been furnished him by Sergeant-Major Lilley, and Sergeant-Major Moreton has only done his duty in bringing this affair to light. Had he not done so he would have rendered himself the

accomplice of the failure in duty perpetrated by his superior. His Excellency considers that Troop Sergeant-Major Moreton deserved commendation for the course he has pursued, and that on reflection such must be the opinion of every right-thinking man in the Inniskilling Dragoons. It appears, therefore, to the Commander-in-Chief that, whatever may have been the cause of his conduct, whether hostility towards his commanding officer or weakness in the performance of his duty, Sergeant-Major Lilley has shown himself utterly unfit for the post of regimental sergeant-major, and should be displaced from it accordingly. Non-commissioned officers must learn that their responsibility, as such, never ceases when the interests of justice and due respect towards constituted authority are concerned. The sergeant-major and sergeants should be assembled for the purpose of hearing this letter read. His Excellency has a strong hope that the manner in which he has dealt with this case—strictly according to law in the first instance, and due regard to equity and to what is expected from right thinking in the second place—will be duly appreciated by the non-commissioned officers of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, and he trusts that their conduct, which has hitherto been favourably brought to his notice, may still continue deserving of commendation. He is aware that the discipline of the regiment is now going through a very severe trial, and it is difficult, if not impossible, for men circumstanced as they are entirely to resist its influence, but he calls upon them to preserve their own characters as non-commissioned officers, and to perform their duty strictly and thoroughly without reference to passing events or evil influences. To Sergeant-Major Lilley his Excellency utters the wish that by future conduct he may once more obtain the good opinion of his commanding officer which he has so foolishly thrown away, and so retrieve in time his lost position in the regiment.

"F. THESIGER, Lieutenant-Colonel, Deputy-Adjutant-General to her Majesty's British Forces."

The President thought that the production of such evidence opened up questions with which the charges had nothing to do. It was admitted that Colonel Crawley had legally placed Sergeant Lilley in arrest, and the question to be tried was whether he had caused his orders to be carried into effect with unnecessary severity.

Colonel Crawley urged that the nature of the charges on which Sergeant Lilley was arrested, and the nature of the orders Colonel Crawley received from his superior relative to that arrest, were necessary elements in explaining and justifying the manner in which he thought it necessary to carry out that arrest.

After some further discussion to the same effect, the President intimated that it was not the intention of the Court to reject the letter above given.

The cross-examination of Major Champion was resumed, and a letter addressed to him by Colonel Crawley, and dated the 24th of May, 1862, was produced. In it Colonel Crawley represented that, as Paymaster Smales had now made his defence (before the Mhow Court-martial), Colonel Crawley thought there was no longer a necessity for keeping the three sergeants in close arrest, with sentries over them to prevent their being tampered with, but that the threat of Wakefield, that he would poison or otherwise make away with the man who gave information about the defence being read (see the letter above quoted) was still to be guarded against. The writer continued:—

"What do you think I had better do? Release them from close arrest with sentries over them to simple arrest, with leave for an hour's exercise morning and evening; or keep them as they are till the Court has finally adjourned on Monday week, as the Commander-in-Chief indicates? Perhaps it would be well to ask the General by sending this note to him."

Major Champion could not state exactly when he received this letter; he believed it was between 3 and 5 P.M.; about twelve hours before Lilley's death. On the 25th, after taking General Farrell's orders, he replied that the enlargement of the sergeant-major from close to simple arrest might be permitted forthwith. Major Champion added, that several times during the month that Lilley was confined, General Farrell spoke to him relative to terminating the period of close arrest, and regretted he could not terminate it, owing to the orders from the Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, that they (the three sergeants) were to remain in close arrest till the final adjournment of Paymaster Smales's Court-martial. With this exception Colonel Crawley was the first person to make the representation as to terminating the imprisonment.

[Our readers will perceive, from the report we have given of the proceedings thus far, that the charges upon which Colonel Crawley is arraigned limit the inquiry to two very narrow issues. The first is—Whether Colonel Crawley, in obeying the order he received to place Sergeant Lilley under close arrest, did so in a manner unduly severe, by confining him in quarters unfit for habitation, and by placing the sentries inside the sergeant's quarters, to the annoyance of his wife. The second—Whether, in stating, in his address before the Mhow Court-martial, that it was Lieutenant Fitzsimons, and not he, who ordered the sentries to be so posted, he told the truth or not. The legality of the order under which he directed the close arrest of the sergeant is admitted; and that admission excludes all question of the justice of the arrest; of the propriety of the order from Sir Hugh Rose, Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, directing it; and of the circumstances which led to his giving that order.]

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH.

THE SAINTS AND THEIR LEGENDS.

2.—OF THE MAKING OF SAINTS, *continued*.

While the process of canonization had been rendered more complicated, the saints themselves had also been divided into different classes. The highest order of sanctity, as it had originally formed the only claim to it, was martyrdom, and the first class of saints were the simple martyrs, those who had attracted the attention of the persecutors by their exemplary faith, and who had been chosen from among their fellow Christians for especial punishment. The second class were called confessors, and were originally those who, when questioned before the persecutors, confessed their faith, and suffered martyrdom for it. Their merit was considered less than that of those who attracted attention by openly and faithfully preaching the Gospel. At a later period, the title of confessor was given to those who were canonized because they had lived a life of exemplary holiness, yet who had not suffered martyrdom at all, but had ended their lives in peace. Such was our King Edward the Confessor, and a considerable number of the mediæval and later saints. The third class of saints were called professors, were those who intruded themselves upon the persecutors unnecessarily, and, proclaiming their belief without being called upon, courted martyrdom. Their merit was considered less than either of the two other classes. A fourth class, which came in at a later period, consisted of those who had lived in perfect purity of body, and who were distinguished as virgins; a class which, though it was not restricted to either sex, applied especially to females. The old ecclesiastical writers frequently dwell on the superiority of martyrdom over virginity.

There arose another division in the order of saints, or we may perhaps rather call it two grades, for they stand to one another somewhat in the relation of bachelor of arts and master of arts in the schools. They were created by the several processes of beatification and canonization, the former being a step to the other, as the degree of bachelor is to that of master. The Pope exercised the right of declaring an individual distinguished by his holiness of life to be blessed after his death, which procured him the title of *beatus*, and allowed people to give him a certain degree of worship, but he could not be taken for a patron saint without a special permission, his day had no octave, and it could not be made a festival of obligation. The ceremony of beatification was particularly used among the monastic orders, and was commonly performed in the church of the order to which the monk on whom the title was to be conferred belonged; but Alexander VII., who ascended the papal chair in 1655, ordered that in future it should always be performed in the basilica of the Vatican. The first who received the honour of beatification after this new regulation was St. Francis de Sales, on the 8th of January, 1662. The space of time to elapse between beatification and canonization was not fixed. St. Francis de Sales was not canonized until 1665. For the ceremony of canonization a consistory was appointed, which held four meetings, at three of which the life and miracles of the candidate were read and canvassed, and on the fourth the votes of the prelates assembled in it were taken. A man could not be canonized before his death, and it was usually considered that no one ought to be proposed for this honour until fifty years had passed after his death. It was also considered irregular to canonize one who had died before reaching the years of discretion, although there are one or two child saints in the calendar; and a still more singular question was whether the individual proposed for canonization was known to have passed through purgatory after his death. Evidence of miracles was always demanded, and this must have proved a more serious difficulty in times when people had become more generally enlightened, and when such evidence was more difficult to obtain, except from the distant missions; and even in this case it appears to have been looked upon, especially among the more enlightened portion of the Romish Church, with suspicion. A number of Jesuit missionaries and other Christians, to the number of twenty-six, were put to death in Japan on the 5th of February, 1597. Urban VIII., Pope from 1623 to 1644, canonized these martyrs, but as the Christians of Japan had been almost extirpated on this occasion, it would naturally be difficult to obtain any certain evidence of miracles performed by their relics after their death. Among the miracles adduced was the following. A certain Japanese woman lay on her death-bed in the last extremities, and had already lost her senses and power of speech, when a bit of the cross which Peter Baptist, the leader of these martyrs, was accustomed to carry, was brought to her; she was no sooner touched with it than she recovered her speech, and soon afterwards was entirely restored to health. Such a miracle, reported under such circum-

stances, could be accepted only by very credulous people; and we cannot be surprised if it provoked so much discussion that soon afterwards an ecclesiastic named Lucas Castellinus was employed to write a book on the subject of the investigation of the miracles to be brought forward in support of appeals for canonization, which was printed at Rome in 1629, in a quarto volume, entitled, "*De Inquisitione Miraculorum in Sanctorum Martyrum Canonizatione*." This writer dwells on the merits of martyrdom over all other claims to sanctity, and on the value of miracles as evidence of that sanctity, and assumes as a fact beyond dispute that the bones and other relics of martyrs possess, as a matter of course, the power of working miracles. As canonization became less frequently practised, its forms and principles appeared to have become more and more subjects of dispute, and they seem to have remained very unsettled until the earlier part of the last century, when a learned Cardinal, Prosper Lambertini, Bishop of Bologna, compiled a complete treatise on the subject, which was published at Bologna in 1734, in four large volumes in folio, under the title, "*De Servorum Dei Beatificatione et Beatorum Canonizatione*." As a proof of the importance which was then attached to the subject, and how much might be said about it, it is only necessary to state that these four volumes contain three thousand pages, in folio, of text, and full a hundred pages of prefaces and indexes! As may be supposed, the subject, as far as the orthodox materials go, is exhausted in this work. Six years after its publication, in 1740, its author was raised to the papacy under the title of Benedict XIV., and his book is now the great authority on the subject. It was lately employed in the creation of another batch of saints who had suffered martyrdom in Japan.

When the Pope assumed to himself the whole power of conferring sanctity, he of course took this out of the domains of public or popular opinion, and made it an agent in his hands for a variety of purposes, as we shall see in the course of these papers. As proverbially everything might be bought at Rome in the Middle Ages, it was pretty generally understood that sanctity itself might be secured by a sufficient expenditure of money, and the process of formal canonization had a political value, for the very plain reason that it stamped a political principle or a political cause. Edward the Confessor may be regarded as a political saint, inasmuch as his real claim to sanctity was the part he had taken in betraying Saxon England to the power of the Normans, and thus bringing in the supremacy of the Church of Rome. The Anglo-Saxon Church had long been regarded by the Court of Rome and the foreign Church as at least a disobedient Church; the influence which had been gained through the Benedictine clergy in the tenth century soon became precarious, and was looked upon with great repugnance by the mass of the Anglo-Saxons; and the feeling of the Normans towards the Anglo-Saxon clergy was shown strongly in their acts after they had established themselves here. What Dunstan and his party had succeeded in doing temporarily by means of address and political talents, the Normans did by main force and open violence. Soon after Edward's death, miracles began to be performed abundantly at his tomb, cripples were made whole, the blind were restored to sight—so at least people believed, and no doubt was entertained of the sanctity of the deceased monarch. Yet he remained without any canonization, as it appears, until the year 1161, the seventh of the reign of Henry II., when he is stated to have been canonized by Pope Alexander III., but we have no account of the process, or at whose instigation it was performed. Possibly this may be ascribed to the interference of Becket, who had just been nominated to the See of Canterbury, and it may have had a political object; but it seems certain that Edward the Confessor had been regarded as a saint during a century before he was canonized. Becket himself had done more substantial and apparent service to the Papacy, and his sanctity was not allowed to remain in abeyance so long, for his formal canonization took place in 1173, within three years after his death.

That miracles were not always taken as a sufficient reason for canonization, we find several rather notable proofs, one of which may perhaps deserve a moment's attention. Earl Thomas of Lancaster was looked upon as the great leader of the popular cause in the reign of King Edward II., and, as is well known to every reader of English history, he had a principal hand in the slaughter of the royal favourite, Piers de Gaveston. Eventually he fell into the King's hands, and was put to death at Pontefract, in Yorkshire, in 1321. Earl Thomas was the idol of the multitude, he was worshipped as a saint by the people, and his relics began immediately to perform numerous miracles. Edward III. ascended the throne in 1327, upon which the Government experienced a complete change of opinion with regard to Thomas of Lancaster, and all the

legal proceedings against him were annulled. More than this, the King, acting, no doubt, under the advice of his Ministers—for he was then little more than a boy—petitioned the Pope to canonize the late earl, who had martyrdom as one of his claims, but this was supported by the generally credited fact of the miracles performed by his relics; and the young Edward was so earnest in his suit that it was persisted in and repeated during several years. Some of the documents relating to this affair are printed in Rymer's "*Fœdera*," though they throw but an imperfect light upon it. In a letter dated from Winchester, on the 7th of March, 1330 (the fourth year of the King's reign), Edward approaches the Pope in the most respectful manner, and, speaking of Earl Thomas as "the noble soldier and champion of Christ" (*nobilis Christi miles et athleta*), urges, as a proof of the illustrious position he held among the saints in heaven (*quantis intra supernorum civium agmina celestibus præmiis illustretur*), "the wonderfully multiplied and glorious signs of miracles which had been made notorious by public report" (*docent mirifice multiplicia et gloriosa miraculorum, forent fama publica notoria*). He urges that, when alive, the Earl was celebrated for his Christian faith and piety; and he adds how "to his tomb and the place of his passion innumerable of Christ's faithful run in crowds, which are there daily conferred miraculously on the infirm by virtue of His sanctity." These are urged as sufficient proofs of Earl Thomas's claims to canonization, and the Pope is implored to appoint a strict investigation of the circumstances, and to satisfy himself before proceeding to the act of canonization. This letter was carried by two ecclesiastics, Walter de Burley and John de Thoresty, canon of Southwell, who also carried letters addressed to four of the cardinals, in which the King condescended to ask them to use their influence with the Pope to obtain his consent. No doubt the two ambassadors were well supplied with money, to further the object of their mission.

This does not appear to have been the first application, yet still the affair dragged on without result; nor does it appear that even a commission to investigate the truth of the miracles was appointed. The Pope's objections are only slightly hinted at. He might have objected to Earl Thomas's memory that he was a man of not very strictly moral life, that he was an adulterer, that he was a rebel against his sovereign, that he was a shedder of blood, with many other crimes which had been laid to his charge; but these were all overlooked, and we learn from another letter that the great objection raised by the Court of Rome was that, on an occasion when certain cardinals, sent by the Pope to England, had by their overbearing or extortionate conduct provoked an outburst of popular feeling at Durham, the Earl of Lancaster had encouraged and protected the populace in their violence. On the 3rd of April, 1331, the King, then at Eltham, wrote again to the Pope a letter, in which he allows some signs of impatience to transpire, for its tone is more pressing than the former, and rather querulent. He calls to the mind of the sovereign pontiff the words proclaimed in the Gospel, "Knock, and it shall be opened to you," intimating that the Pope kept his door closed to reasonable applications; and he intimates that the miracles performed at Earl Thomas's tomb went on increasing, and that it was unbecoming in the Holy See to leave any longer so great a light hidden under a bushel. Edward goes on to complain that the Pope's ear had been filled with untrue and scandalous insinuations, and asserts that, instead of giving any countenance to the ill-treatment of the cardinals at Durham, Earl Thomas had, in fact, assisted them to escape, exerted himself in their defence, and conducted them to a place of safety. To show how earnest he was in the affair, Edward sent with this letter three ambassadors, an ecclesiastic named John le Brabazon, a knight of the name of Antoine de Persan, and Master John de Newton; and instead of four cardinals, he now addressed letters to nine, as well as to three nephews of the Pope, but, as far as we know, all in vain. Although it is at present quite unknown whether canonization was ever conferred on Thomas of Lancaster or not, it is most probable that the latter was the case. Yet the miracles ascribed to Thomas of Lancaster were quite as respectable and as well-attested as those of Thomas Becket or of Edward the Confessor.

It is curious enough that the King, against whom the opposition of Thomas of Lancaster had been directed, Edward II., appears also to have been put forward as a claimant to sanctity. We learn, from the volume just published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, the "*Historia Monasterii S. Petri Gloucestriæ*," that, after his murder, the body of Edward II. had been carried to Gloucester Abbey, and had been interred with great solemnity near the high altar of the abbey church. The king had no doubt suffered martyrdom, in one sense of the word, and his sufferings had engaged people's sympathies. Whether miracles were attempted or not, we are not informed; but we are assured

that the pilgrims who visited the tomb were so numerous that it was thought that the city of Gloucester could scarcely contain the multitudes who flocked thither from all the towns of England. But Edward II. was a weak, selfish man, who had been able to serve efficiently neither Pope nor anybody else, and nobody had an interest in his canonization. The only individual who appears to have had an interest in his miracles, if he performed them, was the Abbot of Gloucester, and he was eminently successful; we are told that so large was the amount of the offerings made at Edward's tomb that in six years sufficient money was collected to defray the whole expense of building a new aisle to the church!

CORRESPONDENCE.

[It must be understood that we do not adopt all the opinions of our correspondents.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In an article on the Irish Church in the LONDON REVIEW of November 7, you say, "But what are these to the English parish of Scrayingham, also valued at £661, but of population only 48." 480 is nearer the number; I believe the population is about 470 at present.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Scrayingham, York, Nov. 12.

W. F. DOUGLAS.

[If Mr. Douglas turns to the *Clergy List* for 1863, from which we have taken our information, he will find that the population of his parish is there represented, as we have stated, to be forty-eight. We would suggest that the error be corrected in future editions.—ED. LONDON REVIEW.]

A RATHER novel and interesting experiment was tried at Buckingham, at the Bishop of Oxford's Visitation, on Monday last. An agreeable wind-up to the heat and burden of the day on such occasions is the episcopal dinner, at which learned divines are in the habit of recruiting exhausted nature. It appears that the custom at Buckingham, in previous years, had been for the clergy to separate into small parties at different inns. On this occasion, however, one large room was provided, and the Bishop had it made known in the neighbourhood that he would be glad if, with the clergy, the churchwardens and other laymen would attend. The consequence was, that a company of eighty persons sat down to dinner, the Bishop presiding. Amongst others, there were present, the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Harry Verney, Bart., M.P., and Mr. John L. Stratton, of Turweston Park. The party seemed to enjoy themselves heartily. Several speeches were made by the Duke, the Bishop, and the laymen and clergy present, on Church matters; and the assembly eventually broke up, quite satisfied with the success of the experiment, and convinced that much good must result from the repetition of such agreeable Diocesan Church Congresses in the future.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

SCENES AND SAGAS OF ICELAND.*

IN this large and handsomely got-up volume Mr. Baring-Gould has made a valuable and interesting addition to the literature of Icelandic travel; a literature at present of very limited extent, but which has grown steadily during the last few years. The principal books of which it consists, beginning with the "*Travels of Olafsson og Pálsson*," published in 1772, do not exceed a score in number; twelve or thirteen of them, including the work now before us, are English, and of these nine have appeared in the last ten years. This is a pretty plain proof of the awakening of a new interest in Iceland, which has received a powerful stimulus from the learned labours and charming writings of the translator of "*Burnt Njal*," and from several popular works of a similar character from other hands. This work of Mr. Baring-Gould will be welcome to a large circle of English readers, and will extend and deepen that interest in the country and the people it treats of of which it is at once fruit and evidence. If any of our readers are enjoying very pleasant illusions about Iceland, such as would lead them warmly to respond to the sentiment expressed in the first line of the stanza which stands as motto to this work,—

"Iceland, thou far-blessed spot,"—

and if they would rather not lose the delight of such illusions, we warn them not to have anything to do with the book, for it will have rather a disenchanting effect upon them.

We have accompanied Mr. Baring-Gould—in imagination of course, and sitting at ease in our study-chair, within ear-shot of St. Paul's great clock and the railway trains—in his wanderings over Iceland, and we do not find it easy to assure ourselves that there verily is so strange a land, such people, such ways of living, within about a week's journey from Fleet-street. Very curious it is to see how insulated a race of men can be. The island is somewhat larger than Ireland, consists entirely of volcanic rock, and presents an aspect of such complete desolation as is scarcely to be paralleled.

* *Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas.* By Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A., Fellow of St. Nicholas College, Lancing; Member of the Norse Literary Society. With numerous illustrations and a Map. Smith, Elder, & Co.

Probably it may be matched, except in its abundance of waters, on the surface of the moon. Or we might liken it to that very ancient condition of our globe,—

"When there were but three things in the world,
Monsters, mountains, and water."

Only we must make an exception here again, for the monsters are absent—there are no reptiles in Iceland. It is a country without a road, nothing better than slight tracks over mountain and marsh, marked sometimes by little heaps of turf, or occasional stones, and liable to frequent obliteration by natural agencies. No towns; even the capital, Reykjavik, is "a mere jumble of wooden shanties," and Akureyri, the "second town in the island," is the same on a smaller scale. There are two clusters of poor cottages complimented with the name of villages, and all the other "places" are single dwellings, though marked and named on the map. No beautiful landscape; our author, even when speaking with some enthusiasm of the farms on the slopes around the Lake Langarvatn—"I saw nothing so bright, fertile, and grass-grown in any other portion of Iceland"—adds, "Yet poor is the best, and inferior to an Irish bog." No cultivated cereals; the finest hay is made of blades of grass not longer than a man's fingers; the trees forming the so-called forests, mere coppices of birch, are from twelve to twenty feet high; the largest tree in the island is a mountain-ash, the boast of Akureyri. "It is twenty-six feet high, a straggling fellow without much foliage, overtopping the roof, to which, during the winter, its branches are secured by ropes. Garden-seats are placed at its roots, and on a warm summer's day the Haosteens [the fortunate family to whom it belongs] take supper around it, and imagine themselves in the gardens of old Denmark." There are no pigs in Iceland; no donkeys; no meat but mutton to be had, and that dried, and twelve months old; there is one policeman, and he is at Reykjavik; one letter-carrier, who goes his dreary walk once a month, risking his life each time; one newspaper, which occasionally appears at Akureyri, and which, our author remarks, contained when he saw it no puff of Holloway's pills; no church or chapel belonging to any sect but Lutherans, because there is no toleration for others; one school, which being at the capital has only a small number of pupils, fathers and mothers, it is said, dreading for their children the evil effect of the "grandeur and dissipation" of a large town! and there are only three stone buildings in the island—these are, the governor's house at Reykjavik; Hólar Church, of which we have a full and very interesting account; and Fredriksborg, the seat of the northern governor. "Of these three buildings," says our traveller, "every native is proud." Bortheyri, a village (?) on the Hrutafjord on the north-west coast, which was naturally expected to consist of at least half a dozen cottages, was found to be nothing but a wooden shed, "which is locked up all the year round, except during the fortnight in the summer when the merchant ships lie off it." In justice to Reykjavik we must add that crinoline and the photographer have found their way thither.

Most tourists in Iceland have limited their explorations to the district lying near Reykjavik, contenting themselves with the Geysir and Hecla, or perhaps getting as far as Snoefell's Iökull. Mr. Baring-Gould was more ambitious, and boldly made his way northward from the capital across the western quarter of the island to the north coast, and then along that coast, or in a course parallel to it, nearly to the north-eastern corner, returning by the same route with some slight deviations. He tells us that his object was twofold; he wished to look on scenes famous in Saga, and to fill his portfolio with water-colour sketches. He succeeded, at the cost of immense personal discomfort; and in the numerous illustrations to his work, some of them coloured, we have some very striking and novel scenes presented to us. The most striking sketches are the views of Hlíthar-fjall, Öxnadals-heithi, and Kálfs-tindar. When we look at the first—a rose-tinted mountain-ridge, with a touch of white on its highest point, soft, rounded slopes in the foreground, enclosing a blue tarn with mossy edges, and a solitary white-winged bird hovering over its own reflected image—we are ready to admit that there is one beautiful landscape in Iceland. And how strangely beautiful is an arctic midnight! One of the prominent features of the scenery of Iceland are the so-called heithies: high undulating tracts either barren or merely covered with mosses and lichens; very difficult to cross from the rocky ground being thoroughly broken up and subject to the wearing action of the streams of snow-water. Mr. Baring-Gould frequently speaks of these heithies among the most graphic of his descriptions. The *gja* (pronounced gee-ow), a peculiar feature of Iceland, is a zig-zag fissure in the crust of the earth, produced by earthquakes or volcanic action. Some of them are four or five miles long, and from fifty to a hundred feet deep. The great Almannagja, "to see which," Lord Dufferin says, "it is worth going the whole world over," is at one point 130 feet deep. But this chasm is far surpassed by that into which the Iökulsa, one of the greatest rivers in the island, precipitates itself at Dettifoss. This magnificent waterfall has been seen by very few of the natives, and by no other European before Mr. Baring-Gould. After giving an account of it, he adds, "I have no hesitation in saying that Dettifoss is not only the finest sight in Iceland, but is quite unequalled in Europe." The satisfaction of such a sight as that outweighs a host of discomforts and annoyances; and a man may reasonably bear with the toils of travel over rugged heithies, fields of hot, sulphurous mud, and snow-covered mountain passes, with the miseries of perverse and lazy guides, filthy farm-houses and people, wretched stock-fish

or dried-mutton fare, inquisitive idlers, and even the alarming politeness of farmers' daughters and maids who beg the traveller to allow them to pull off his breeches at bed-time—if he cares for the enjoyment of scenery like Dettifoss.

Strange to say, this land of ice and fire is also a land of flowers. Our author writes of them with contagious enthusiasm. We wish we had space to quote a passage (p. 190) about the flowers, which is as exquisite in style as it is poetic in feeling. The same feeling, hearty relish for the simple loveliness of nature shows itself in this passage:—"I wish that the daisy were more common in Iceland, the grass land sadly wants that friendly little face to brighten it up; I wonder, too, whether the primrose would be out of place against this black, gloomy soil!"

For the birds, too, he shows equal affection and admiration. But we smile, and are quite unable to follow the author in the speculations in which he indulges on the possible future bliss of animals (p. 335). We are amused by the explanation he suggests of the superior beauty of birds; that they were perhaps "less affected by the Fall, or that the curse fell on the earth and its inhabitants, rather than on the air and its denizens." This is sorry trifling, yet it seems to be meant gravely. But there is a singular credulity running through other passages of this book. *Ex. gr.* those relating to the sea monster called the *Skrimsel* and the Mermen (345 *et seq.*), and many on the historical value of the Sagas. Mr. Baring-Gould is surely deficient in that not very common but very necessary and most precious faculty by which we know a fact when we see it, and which saves us from getting confused by mere fictions, and from fancying that an old man's dream can help to settle the historical truth of a Saga!

We must leave the Geysir and the Fjords, the churches, the farmers' libraries, Thingvalla (which the author writes rather pedantically in three forms, preserving in English composition the various case-endings of a foreign noun), the music of the natives, some curious etymologies, and many other interesting matters, of which account is given. After so much that is good and pleasant in this volume, it may seem mere captiousness to find fault. But in trying very hard to make his narrative amusing, he has gone too far, and would do well to cut out in a second edition some at least of those merely wonderful stories and those facetious anecdotes which are painfully out of place in such a work, and which can only be agreeable to the admirers of the fun and fine writing of provincial newspapers. Here and there, too, we are offended by a word or phrase of the high-polite kind; *ex. gr.*, "educational establishment," "individual," "instrument used for poking the fire;" and other expressions, which, if not slang, are very much like it, such as "blaze away," "in all conscience," and perhaps a few others. These are slight blemishes, but they are blemishes, and may easily be removed. We have only to add that Mr. Baring-Gould gives us in an introduction extending over fifty pages a very useful summary of the physical features, natural history, social and political condition and history of Iceland; in the course of the work passages from some of the Sagas, in a condensed form; and, in several appendices, a view of the ornithology of Iceland, advice to sportsmen, a list of Icelandic plants, a list of published Sagas, and, finally, a detailed statement of the expenses of his tour.

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK.*

"Oh, quote me not history, for that I know to be false!" exclaimed Lord Orford to his son, and not without reason, in his day. Religious and political controversies alike were, for a long period, unfavourable to historical truth. Every partisan had his own set of facts, on which he built up his favourite system. His object was, not so much the discovery of historic verities, as the advancement of his peculiar views and those of his party. The success of his work depended on the harmony of his records with preconceived ideas, and instead of laying facts before his readers fresh from the quarry, he hewed and polished them into the exact shape required by his arguments and their prejudices. Thus the saint of one history appeared as the Lucifer of another; and the writer, like a skilful advocate, studiously suppressing whatever made against his own side, and discrediting to the utmost the evidence adduced by the opposite party, made, out of scanty or adverse materials, a very plausible case for his own client. But in proportion as the passions of men subsided, the inductive system of philosophy, which alone was found available in science, prevailed also in historic research. Truth began to be loved for its own sake, and was allowed to speak for itself, and suggest, without insisting on, its inevitable results. In the compilation of new histories, popular and unpopular chronicles were alike ransacked, and fresh mines of ancient lore were sprung. Conflicting records were collated, everything was doubted till proved, manuscripts laden with the dust of ages were read and copied, diplomatic communications scrutinized, inscriptions and symbols decyphered, coins and seals taken in witness, and the muse of history was pursued to her hiding-place in the catacombs. The historian, no less than the geologist, stated startling facts, and was content to incur some degree of temporary odium on the part of narrow and timid spirits. "Bloody Mary" was found by Miss Strickland to have possessed many virtues, and "Glorious Queen Bess" to have been not altogether free from vice. The Popes of the last two centuries

* *Fæsti Eboracenses. Lives of the Archbishops of York.* By the Rev. W. H. Dixon, M.A. Edited and enlarged by the Rev. James Raine, M.A., Secretary of the Surtees Society. Vol. I. London: Longmans.

were painted in veracious colours by the tolerant and impartial Ranke, and liberality was carried so far that Richard III. found an apologist in Sharon Turner, and Henry VIII. an encomiast in Froude.

The Archbishops of York, from the year 627 to 1373—a space of time almost coeval with the period usually called the dark, or middle ages—cannot complain of the treatment they have received at the hands of Mr. Raine. He is the author of the whole of the volume now published, and does not, like Dr. Hook, the biographer of the Archbishops of Canterbury, always write in boxing-gloves. He is more anxious to establish facts previously unknown than either to build up or to knock down established principles. His work is addressed, as he intimates, to the clergy rather than to the people—to the bees, not to the butterflies. It evinces long and indefatigable research, and he assures us in his preface that almost the whole range of the history, biography, and topography of England, and, in part, of other countries, has been rifled for these *Fasti*. Nearly a whole year has been given up to daily toil among original evidences in the public offices, and Mr. Raine has, contemporaneously with the composition of these lives, made collections, on the same scale, for the biography of some seventeen hundred other persons, extending over a period of twelve centuries, and comprising, among the very greatest men in Church and State, three hundred English and foreign bishops, three popes, and at least sixty cardinals! It is to be hoped that manuscripts so precious to future historians and antiquaries will not moulder in decay after the writer's decease, for the diligence with which they have been penned is not more remarkable than the temperate and uncontroversial spirit which, if we may judge from the work before us, breathes in every page. For mediæval biography, documents and annals of the middle ages must be examined, and for this task few have the inclination or ability. From these repositories alone can new matter be derived. Little digging is needed to get at all that can be known about Wolsey and Cranmer, but you must delve far below the surface to disinter such bishops as Thurstan and Thoresby, Beck, Skirlaugh, Hatfield, and Langley. Yet these are the subjects Mr. Raine undertakes to exhume and invest with all the collateral information which their characters and history require. He promises, and his promise, so far, has been amply fulfilled, to record "what they did and how they worked, who were the officers and clergy that were under them, what was the discipline of the Church in their day, the state of the monasteries, the private and public life of the parish priests and canons." He has, in his narratives, wisely suppressed all that is legendary and miraculous, well knowing that such matter would only throw discredit on his labours, and render his volume unfit for the class of readers for whom it is intended, while, at the same time, he betrays, almost involuntarily, the warmest sympathy with all that was good and beautiful in mediæval Christianity. For St. Bernard especially, who may be regarded as its type, he entertains a strong veneration, alludes to him frequently, and always in glowing terms. It was he who invited Murdac, afterwards Archbishop of York, from 1147 to 1153, to assume the cowl of a Cistercian in the Abbey of Clairvaux, and pleaded the cause of monastic retirement with all the enthusiasm of a poet. "Thinkest thou not," he asked, in that figurative language which he used with such effect, "that honey can trickle for thee from the rock, and oil from the flinty crag? Cannot the mountains drop with sweetness, the hills flow with milk and honey, and the valleys laugh and sing with corn? Oh, that thou would'st become my fellow-learner in this holy school, with Jesus for our master!"

After quoting more at length the letter from which this passage is extracted, Mr. Raine continues:—

"Those who are well acquainted with the life and writings of St. Bernard cannot wonder at the influence he exercised. Seven centuries have not lessened the feeling of veneration with which 'the last of the Fathers' is regarded. We still see before us that frail and yet striking figure attenuated by the most frightful discipline; we gaze upon that countenance with its unearthly pallor, and yet so beautifully transparent that you would deem it 'lit with an inner light,' and think that his soul with all its purity and holiness was looking through it; we may listen in fancy to that voice so touching and so earnest, that the very breath was held lest a single accent should escape. What multitudes flocked around to embrace him, to kiss his feet, to touch his very garment; and yet flattery and honours could not attract him. A simple, honest-hearted, self-denying monk he lived and died. But this was the man on whose word all Christendom used to hang in breathless expectation! This is he who preached a crusade, who elected a pope, chose bishops and archbishops, and chided kings! . . . Never did any man's innermost thoughts and feelings colour his writings with a more vivid, a more speaking light. His whole soul shines through them like the sun at mid-day through his veil of clouds."

Of the forty-four prelates who wore the mitre in York, from Paulinus to John de Thoresby, several are well known to the majority of English readers. The writings of Bede and Alcuin have familiarised us with the names of the first archbishop and of his immediate successors, Chadd and Wilfred, not to speak of John of Beverley, and Egbert, the patron of letters and instructor of Alcuin. It is, indeed, to be regretted that the credulity of Bede is shown in the admission of idle tales into a history which, in other respects, merits the highest praise, and we should, perhaps generally have felt more interest in the saintly archbishops just mentioned, if we had not so often seen their names associated with prodigies difficult to believe. Of several of the archbishops of York, such as Bosa, Wigmund, and Oskytel, little is known, and

of a few nothing but the names and dates of their consecration have been recorded. Of most of them, however, the history has been preserved at length, and the author of "*Fasti Eboracenses*" has collected an extraordinary amount of scattered materials to make their lives complete.

Many of the Saxon primates of York were courtiers and statesmen, and their biography is intimately connected not only with the annals of the Anglo-Saxon Church, which are interesting to comparatively few, but with the history of England, to the importance of which all lovers of books are alive. Paulinus was chaplain to Ethelburga, the second consort of Edwin, King of Northumbria, and left the north in the same suite to which he was first attached. The great Wilfrid basked in the smiles of a court before he suffered from its scorn; when a boy he won the favour of Eanfleda, Queen of Northumbria, and during his whole life he was, in turns, the favourite and the foot-ball of kings. Egbert was the son of Eata, and member of the royal family of Northumbria. He was first cousin, moreover, to the "most glorious" King Ceolwulf, to whom Bede dedicates his history. Wulstun, the sixteenth primate of York, intrigued with the Danes, and joined the Northumbrians in renouncing their allegiance to Edmund. He took the oath of allegiance to Edred, the successor of Edmund, and afterwards, in 947, broke out into open rebellion against him, and with his compatriots made Eric, a Northman, king. He continued to the last a scheming politician. He appears to have been one of the few archbishops whose rule in York, to the end of the fourteenth century, was unmarked by high and virtuous qualities. We are, on the whole, amazed at the incontestable proofs Mr. Raine has brought forward of their learning, diligence, and piety, and think that, in certain respects, they contrast favourably with their hundred and thirty-three spiritual lords and masters, who, during the same period, occupied the see of Rome. There were no such glaring abuses in their elections, no Marozia was able to nominate and displace them at pleasure, and the characters of none of them were stained with such hideous crimes as attach to the memory of Stephen VII., John XII., and Benedict IX. Being chosen generally at an earlier age than the Roman pontiffs, their episcopates lasted longer, and their career was less agitated and exposed to temptation. In their studies and breviary, in administering the sacraments of confirmation and orders, in the supervision of the clergy and religious houses, and management of the wealthy estates of the see, their days were peacefully and, for the most part, usefully employed. But, in addition to all this, the Saxon archbishop was always more or less in relation with the Crown. The energetic Oswald shared with Dunstan the responsibility of advising Edgar, and pushing the scheme of ecclesiastical reform. But his heart was fixed on a higher court and a celestial kingdom. "One day," says his biographer, "the brethren found him standing beneath the open canopy of heaven, and gazing, with silent prayer on his lips, on the skies above him. 'I am looking,' was his answer to an inquiry, 'on the way that I am to take. Oh, my children, let me have a little foretaste of the joys that are to be mine. The morrow shall not pass before I see that eternal rest for which I have laboured until now.'" The morrow came, and Oswald, as he had predicted, went with it to his home.

Adulph was chancellor to Edgar before domestic affliction led him to assume the garb of a Benedictine; and Alfric was the prompter of some of the wicked deeds of Hardicanute. When this sovereign recovered the sceptre, of which he had been defrauded by Harold Harefoot, Alfric is said to have suggested that the body of Harold should be taken from its grave and cast, without its head, into the Thames. This spiteful and barbarous measure was adopted, and reminds us of exactly similar outrages which, a hundred and forty-three years before, Pope Stephen VII. committed on the corpse of his predecessor, Formosus. Alfric also accused the Bishop of Worcester of being implicated in the murder of the King's half-brother. He became possessed of his see; and the people of Worcester having risen against the levying of an unpopular tax, he is said to have advised his royal master to plunder and burn the city, and to have done this out of spite at the inhabitants not having chosen him as their bishop. Aldred, with the exception of Earl Godwin, was probably the greatest man in England in his day. He was endowed with singular versatility of talent and restless energy. He took arms, when it was necessary, and attacked the marauders on the Welsh marshes. He toiled for the rule of St. Benedict, and established new houses in which it might be observed. But he was more at home in the palace than in the convent; he played a conspicuous part in state affairs, and his influence with Edward the Confessor can hardly be exaggerated. He was the last of the Saxon primates of York. He steered the Saxon Church successfully through the perils of the Norman conquest, and it was only after his decease that William could obtain his full ends.

The power of the northern primates, for good and ill, was far from diminishing under the Norman dynasty. They held a very high position among the great men of England. They held a diocese extending from the gates of Lincoln far into the north, and to which another see in the south was for a time united. They had a mint and other privileges of their own. They were the lords of many a broad acre, and moved about with an almost royal retinue. The number of regal grants which they witnessed shows how frequently they were in the presence of the sovereign. Yet the difficulty of rendering their lives interesting even to the clergy of our day is great indeed. The epoch in which they flourished is too remote, the form of Christianity in which they were bred too papal, and their habits of life, public and private, too unlike those

of the nineteenth century, to admit of their biographer obtaining any higher credit than that of having produced an admirable book of reference, which will be consulted long after many more popular works will have perished in hopeless oblivion. Some, indeed, there are whose antiquated taste will lead them to peruse with patient interest the endless details respecting Archbishop Thurstan's differences with his brother of Canterbury and the irascible Henry I.; how he refused to make a promise of obedience to the southern primate, incurred the king's displeasure, went into exile, was encouraged in his resistance by Pascal II., Gelasius II., and Calixtus II., was consecrated at Rheims by the last of these pontiffs, and returned to his native land only to encounter fresh troubles. Others may be amused and edified by conning the long items of the private expenditure of Archbishops Gifford, Wickwaine, and Romanus, and forming an idea of their *ménage* from such entries as the following:—

"1268, June 7.—To my lord, the Earl of Norfolk, for a palfrey and a saddle for his fee at our translation, 5 marks and a half. . . . Dec. 9.—To Paulinus, the Roman jester, 5 marks of our gift. . . . 1270, Nov. 7.—To J. de Weston, 40s. for a silken zone for A. de Maundvill. To Spirioe going to the Holy Land, 12d. . . . 1283, June 14.—To Walter de Gloucester, our treasurer, £97. 16s. 6½d. for wine. June 15.—Twenty marks to him to buy silver pitchers, &c., &c."

To those who are curious in such matters, as well as in hymns from the York breviary in honour of Archbishop William, the enumeration of a prelate's various retainers and domestics, charges against disorderly abbots, the state of the City in the time of Archbishop Greenfield, ordination lists during Thoresby's archiepiscopate, his Latin correspondence, and his erection of the glorious choir of his cathedral, we cordially commend *Fasti Eboracenses*; and we regret that we are not able to make more copious extracts from the work of an elegant scholar, replete with valuable and recondite information, drawn from the most original and authentic sources, without any sinister or secret design. The author has grasped the true idea of an historian; he has set his face like a flint against all system-building, and has presented us, at all hazards, with incontrovertible facts.

FROM MATTER TO SPIRIT.*

THE special interest which this book carries with it is the fact that it proceeds from a quarter from which we should expect anything but imposture, and in which we should not look to find credulity. When "A. B."—or to speak more definitely Professor De Morgan; the initials C. D. representing Mrs. De Morgan, who is the author of the book—says he has witnessed such and such phenomena, we feel sure that he is not trifling with us, but relates what he thoroughly believes he has seen; and his sincerity granted, we admit that he would be a very difficult subject for a hoax. So far we can go and no further. We see nothing in his preface or in the work it introduces to alter our opinion of the exceeding puerility of spiritualism, as well as of its utter inutilty, even supposing that its phenomena are not to be accounted for by natural means. But let him speak for himself:—

"I am satisfied, by the evidence of my own senses, of some of the facts narrated; of some others I have evidence as good as testimony can give. I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me. But when it comes to what is the cause of these phenomena, I find I cannot adopt any explanation which has yet been suggested. If I were bound to choose among things which I can conceive, I should say that there is some sort of action of some combination of will, intellect, and physical power which is not that of any of the human beings present; but, thinking it very likely that the universe may contain a few agencies—say half a million—about which no man knows anything, I cannot but suspect that a small proportion of these agencies—say five thousand—may be severally competent to the production of all the phenomena, or may be quite up to the task among them. The physical explanations which I have seen are easy, but miserably insufficient: the spiritual hypothesis is sufficient, but ponderously difficult. Time and thought will decide, the second asking the first for more results of trial."

In the mean time he thinks that the spiritualists are in the right track in adopting the theory that the phenomena of their system are in truth produced by spiritual agency. He divides them into three classes: those who believe that the communications are spiritual, those who do not see what *else* they can be, and those who do not see *what* they can be; and says that all who inquire further, let them think what they may, will, if they shape their inquiries upon the spiritual hypothesis, be sound imitators of those who led the way in physical science in the old time. His own state of mind "refers the whole either to unseen intelligence, or something which man has never had any conception of." Those who at once give in to the spirit doctrine, he holds to be incautious; but it is better to fix the phenomena upon some theory, even if a false one, than upon none. Examination and discussion will do for the spirit theory what they have done for scientific theories—prove or disprove them. For the present the writer believes without doubting

what he says he has seen; and he proceeds to relate some of the phenomena he witnessed, through Mrs. Hayden, the well-known American medium, ten years ago:—

"On being asked to put a question to the first spirit, I begged that I might be allowed to put my question mentally—that is, without speaking it, or writing it, or pointing it out to myself on an alphabet,—and that Mrs. Hayden might hold both arms extended while the answer was in progress. Both demands were instantly granted by a couple of raps. I put the question and desired the answer might be in one word, which I assigned; all mentally. I then took the printed alphabet, put a book upright before it, and, bending my eyes upon it, proceeded to point to the letters in the usual way. The word *chess* was given, by a rap at each letter. I had now a reasonable certainty of the following alternative; either some *thought-reading* of a character wholly inexplicable, or such superhuman acuteness on the part of Mrs. Hayden that she could detect the letter I wanted by my bearing, though she (seated six feet from the book which hid my alphabet) could see neither my hand nor my eye, nor at what rate I was going through the letters. I was fated to be driven out of the second alternative before the sitting was done.

"At a later period of the evening, when another spirit was under examination, I asked him whether he remembered a certain review which was published soon after his death, and whether he could give me the initials of an epithet (which happened to be in five words) therein applied to himself. Consent having been given, I began my way through the alphabet, as above, the only difference of circumstances being that a bright table-lamp was now between me and the medium. I expected to be brought up at, say the letter *r*; and when my pencil passed that letter without any signal, I was surprised, and by the time I came to *k*, or thereabouts, I paused, intending to announce a failure. But some one called out, 'You have passed it; I heard a rap long ago.' I began again, and distinct raps came, first at *c*, then at *d*. I was now satisfied that the spirit had failed, and I thought to myself that it was rather hard to expect him to remember a passage in a review published in 1817, or thereabouts. But, stopping to consider a little more, it flashed into my mind that *c. d.* were his own initials, and that he had chosen to commence the *clause* which contained the epithet. I then said nothing but 'I see what you are at: pray, go on,' and I then got *r* (for *The*), then the *r* I wanted—of which not one word had been said,—and then the remaining four initials. I was now satisfied that contents of my mind had been read which could not have been detected by my method of pointing to the alphabet, even supposing that could have been seen."

So much for the preface. The book is full of very extraordinary statements, which impress us most vividly by the disproportion between the spiritual agency and the tangible results. Ladies see beautiful visions, hear distant music, feel themselves fanned without any perceptible cause. The hands of mediums write answers from spirits, and verses, the composition of the departed. There is often a twofold spiritual agency at work at the same time; a good spirit operating from above on the moral and intellectual faculties of the medium, while a bad spirit operates horizontally at the base of the brain. Here and there we have glimpses of the state in which departed spirits are living, and which bears a very mundane appearance. One spirit informs the medium that "the flowers you saw are in our arbour. It is finished, and we shall have a feast there." Through the hand of another medium it writes: "Our garden is so beautiful—I wish you could see it; and our arbour is finished. . . . We have a mother and baby with us, who have been helping to make the arbour. They are just come here from another sphere, and are staying in our house till theirs is ready." A lady medium sees the arbour. "Grapes, peaches, apricots, and many other fruits were placed on long tables covered with white satin and gold, in a kind of raised embroidery. The most lovely flowers hung in all directions, and the branches interlaced overhead. Birds were flying about within the arbour." Another medium beholds the same scene, with the addition of little lambs playing about, "and there are horses there too." Here is something on a larger scale:—

"On one of those occasions on which a circle of friends had assembled for experiments, a vision was seen, which is well worthy of notice, both because it was preceded by the sensible mesmerising of the seer, and on account of its own beautiful imagery and meaning.

"There had been a slight movement of the table, which soon however became steady, and the hand of a young man present was moved to write 'Join hands round the table.' After a time, Mrs. D—, a lady of high intellectual power, declared that she could not keep her eyes open. We begged her not to combat the influence. Her hands were then drawn away from those of the rest of the party, who sat quietly watching her. She did not sleep, but could not open her eyes, and she said she felt a sensation like *cool fanning* over her face and brow. This lasted some minutes, and from its distinctness seemed to surprise her very much. She said that it was a most delightful feeling, but she could not guess whence it was, nor what it was for, though she felt as if some one were very near her. At length she exclaimed, 'Now I see!' and described the vision, which was written in her own words.

"I see a church of emeralds. An altar over which is a beautiful bright light, and a steeple, illuminated. The pavement is inlaid and of the richest colours. A great deal of purple, but no black. The deepest colour, that which would have been black, is blue. The ends of the pews are arched, and all of precious stones.

"Now I see a number of people coming. There is so much purple about them. They have loose robes of purple. They appear to have formed ranks on each side, and a number of beautiful children are come, all in white, with wreaths held up over their heads. They pass up the church and are kneeling before the illuminated part, which is a tower rather than an altar.

* From *Matter to Spirit. The Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations*. By C. D. With a Preface by A. B. Longmans.

"Now I see a beautiful altar, not a crescent. The top is inlaid with marble of beautiful colours, highly polished. The windows are purple and gold. In the centre of each window is a large precious stone; it is as large as a dinner-plate. The first is bright gold, the second is ruby or carbuncle, the third is bright blue. Now I see them (the people) all going up the immense tower. What a height! It makes me giddy to look at it! Now they have wings, and I see them all in the air. There is a bright circle, and they have passed through it. They are all gone into heaven."

"Everything is dissolving, and a bright light coming again. Where the illuminated tower stood I see the cross of Christ, and beside it stands our Saviour. Oh! how beautiful He looks! pointing upwards towards His cross!"

"The seer said that the church appeared to be more than a mile in length. She was impressed to believe that the figures in purple were those who had suffered for the faith of Christ, and the young ones in white, the purified spirits of those who went to heaven by His means."

"We then asked for a fuller explanation, and obtained the following in writing, by the hand of the young man who had first written:—"

"Q. 'What do the emeralds mean?'"

"Ans. 'New. It is the New Church that is fast coming. Watch the course of events throughout the world.'"

"Q. 'What is meant by the wreaths that the young ones held?'"

"Ans. 'Innocence. Never cease watching the course of God's providence.'"

"Q. 'Who are you who give us this information?'"

"Ans. 'F——.' The name of the older spirit who had spoken to me at Mrs. Hayden's, and who has been described as delighting, in his life on earth, in anticipations of the fulfilment of prophecy, and the establishment of the Saviour's kingdom."

"After this, Mrs. D——'s eyes continuing tightly shut, we asked for directions how to open them. It was written, 'Just touch her forehead between the eyes, and they will open.' I did so, and the lids began to rise. Then it was written, 'Touch her eyelids.' They opened immediately."

"The scenes of the vision,' Mrs. D—— said, 'came one after another like dissolving views.'"

"Both she and the young man by whose hand the explanation was written were of a character, and possessed of a cerebral organization, which well fitted them to receive and appreciate such communications."

It is worthy of remark, that this vision of the lady "of high intellectual power" was nothing more than the imagination of such a woman might easily furnish from its own resources. The purple of the martyrs, the children in white, denoting innocence, the cross, and the anticipation of a new church, are ideas familiar to all educated persons, and need neither ghost nor spirit to impress them upon our minds. We admit that there are many extraordinary facts stated in this book; but we do not see what is to be gained by them, nor is it for us to explain how such phenomena were effected. We can only say that if, as both the writers in the volume before us appear to believe, these spirit manifestations form the dawn of a new and higher intellectual state, the instalment is lamentably small and egregiously ridiculous.

SCHILLER'S "BRIDE OF MESSINA."*

A FIRST edition, and a second, of Mr. Adam Lodge's performance have been "favourably received." What sort of people, then, are the readers and buyers of translations of German poetry? It cannot be those who are familiar with the original. In these days a thorough understanding of that language is very common among persons of cultivated literary taste. Such persons are not likely to put up with ignorant and unfaithful versions of their favourite authors. They will scarcely tolerate the pretensions of Mr. Edgar Bowring, who, in translating Heine, renders the word *pfaster* by "pitch-plaster," instead of by "street-pavement." Nor will they, if acquainted with Schiller, accept the treacherous guidance of Mr. Adam Lodge; who, though he knows German (which Mr. Edgar Bowring does not), takes the strange liberty of altering or omitting, with a curious infelicity of judgment, the most essential and interesting passages of the original. Mr. Lodge, we think, has done very wrong in thus mutilating "The Bride of Messina," without giving his readers any notice or explanation. He says, in his preface, "It has been the object of the translator to afford, not a strict version of the author's words, but rather such a transcript of his thoughts as might be animated by a portion of his spirit, and wear a certain air of originality." Again, he says, "It is proper to mention that in a few instances the sense has been slightly varied; not with any thought of improvement, but solely from inability to express the precise meaning with more than a bare correctness." Now, we ask, would the reader of this be prepared to find that Mr. Lodge has taken upon himself, here and there, to strike out many consecutive stanzas of the chorus, and a great part of the speeches of the principal characters, not in any way marking their omission? We shall waive the charge of wanton presumption and bad taste, which he has justly incurred by treating the work of a consummate artist like Schiller worse than Colley Cibber treated the plays of Shakespeare. It seems, to us, however, that a question of literary honesty is involved in this matter. We say that Mr. Lodge has dealt unfairly with his readers; he has presented them with a book

* The Bride of Messina: a Tragedy with Choruses, by Schiller. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Tragical Chorus. Translated by Adam Lodge, Esq., M.A. The Third Edition (Revised). With Other Poems. T. F. A. Day, 13, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn.

which is supposed to contain the entire work of Schiller done into English, but which consists of a mere abridgment. Let us note some of the more important passages of those which Mr. Lodge has chosen to skip. In the very first scene, where the Princess Isabella pleads with her two sons to be reconciled with each other, sixty lines of her speech, besides the responses of the chorus, are cut out by this translator, who has promised to give us "a transcript" of Schiller's "thoughts." The rapid dialogue which follows between Don Caesar and Don Manuel is utterly spoiled. Of those brief sentences of mutual repartee, uttered in a single line by each speaker, after the manner of the Greek tragedies, Mr. Lodge has made a most insipid hash, leaving out their characteristic allusions to the previous incidents of the brothers' quarrel. Indeed, he has, through sheer carelessness, as we suspect, in some places directly falsified the meaning of the original. Don Caesar, for example, is made by Schiller to say,—

"Nicht, weil ich für den Schuldigere mich
Erkenne, oder schwächer gar mich fühle."

That is, he begins a conciliatory speech by saying, "It is not that I acknowledge myself to have been the most at fault, or that I feel myself to be weaker than you." Mr. Lodge, on the other hand, makes him say the very reverse of this:—

"Don Caesar.—I am the guiltier—weaker—"

"Don Manuel.—Say not so!"

It is needful to remark that this reply, "Say not so!" is purely of Mr. Lodge's invention. In fact, Don Caesar had not said any such thing. If Mr. Lodge were capable of appreciating Schiller's dramatic conceptions of character, or attentive to the course of the dialogue, he would never have fancied that Don Caesar could have said so. But the translator, having first misconstrued what Don Caesar really did say, tries to mend the case by forging an answer to it, which he puts into Don Manuel's mouth. As the dialogue proceeds, Don Manuel observes that his brother has not, after all, sought to take away his life; for he knows that Don Caesar rejected the offer of a monk who would have used poison for that purpose. Mr. Lodge omits this incident. He likewise omits all mention of the gifts which they presently offer to each other as tokens of renewed affection, the Arab horses and the chariot belonging to their deceased father, for which they had contended, and that castle by the sea which, as neither of them is able, in their rivalry of new-born generosity, to force its acceptance upon the other, they agree to inhabit jointly. Why does Mr. Lodge omit these things? Because he has no true feeling or taste. But why does he not apprise the reader of their omission? Worse than this, however, is his treatment of the beautiful soliloquy of Beatrice in the cloister garden. More than half of it, for what reason we cannot guess, has been struck out. The reader of German may here open his Schiller, and refresh his memory as to the hundred lines following her self accusing question—

"Wo waren die Sinne? Was hab' ich gethan?"

Mr. Lodge, it appears, does not think any of this part good enough for his translation. He does not condescend to notice her reflections upon having left the convent to follow her beloved. He does, indeed, take up those broken exclamations of alternate eagerness, despondency, and joyful surprise at the sound of his coming—

"Horch, der lieben Stimme Schall!
Nein, es war der Wiederhall
Und des Meeres dumpfes Brausen, &c."

Immer tiefer
Sinkt die Sonne! Immer öder
Wird die Oede! immer schwerer
Wird das Herz! Wo zögert er?"

But Mr. Lodge has no notion of attempting to render the effect of these lines by giving a similar turn to his versification. He keeps the same dull monotonous level:—

"More faintly, o'er the distant waves, the sun
Gleams with expiring ray; a deathlike shudder
Creeps o'er my heart; and sadder, drearier grows
E'en desolation's self."

And then, he does not give one word of the passage that immediately follows, in which she recollects having been frightened at the late prince's funeral, by meeting a stranger (Don Caesar) who accosted her with looks of love. It is Don Caesar who is about to reappear, and whose approach, this time, she mistakes for that of Don Manuel, her affianced lover:—

"Yes, from the thicket shade
A voice resounds! 'Tis he! the loved one!
No fond illusion mocks my listening ear.
'Tis louder—nearer: to his arms I fly," &c."

Mr. Lodge has by these ruthless excisions inflicted fatal damage upon one of Schiller's noblest works. He has dealt with it most capriciously, and has left it in a ruinous and unsatisfactory state. We deny the right of any translator to do this, at least without due notice in his title-page or his preface. It is, in our opinion, such a serious fault, that we must decline to look further into the merits of his version, or to follow him in his critical discussion of the structure of this poem. Those who cannot read German are hereby warned against trusting Mr. Adam Lodge.

MISS WHATELY IN EGYPT.*

It is now some eight or nine months since we had the pleasure of reviewing Miss Whately's first little book on "Ragged Life in Egypt." At that time, as we learn from the sequel now before us, the authoress was once more at Cairo, having returned thither in the November previous to reopen her school for those poor little girls who, by the religion of Mohammed, are supposed to have no souls to save. Miss Whately, however, was inspired by Christian faith and benevolence with a design for their instruction. She learnt Arabic, went to Egypt, and hired a house in one of the most squalid and miserable quarters of the capital city, where she contrived, with very little assistance, to make herself the trusted friend of all her poor neighbours, both Moslem and Copts, many of whom gladly consented to let her receive their children for some hours' daily instruction. The interesting volume which we noticed in February last contained an account of her experiences in a twelve-month of this charitable work, up to the time of her return to England in the summer of 1862. Her second residence at Cairo, which terminated about the end of last May, is here related in the same candid and unaffected style. It must, however, be confessed that the piquancy and freshness of this situation, which her other book so agreeably described, seem now to be in some degree worn off. Returning, indeed, to scenes with which she was already familiar, and renewing her intercourse with people who would greet her as an old acquaintance, Miss Whately's last visit to the poor folk of Cairo had less the air of a romantic enterprise than on the former occasion, though we found cause, even then, to admire the simplicity and practical good sense which she displayed in so novel an undertaking. This volume supplies us with additional testimony in favour of the presumption that Christianity may, by discreet and gentle approaches, win an entrance into the minds of the Egyptian Mohammedans, who are, probably, among the least fanatical owning the creed of Islam. These people are usually found extremely willing to hear of Jesus as a prophet, and they listen with reverent attention to the reading of the New Testament, which is, in fact, regarded by the Moslem as a sacred book, though our versions of it, as they are taught to believe, are falsified and mutilated by the omission of certain passages in which the coming of Mohammed was foretold. Still, they will say of it, "That is the book of *Seidna Issa*" (the Lord Jesus), whom they respect as a divine teacher. Mr. Joseph Shakoar, a Protestant Christian native of Syria, who is employed, with his brother Mr. Mansoor Shakoar, as missionary in Egypt, mentions, in some extracts from his journal copied out here, that in talking with the Mohammedans, he was able to "show them passages from their own Koran, to prove that Jesus Christ is the Word and the Spirit of God." On the other hand, Miss Whately narrowly escaped a thorough basting with a cook's hot iron ladle, because the cook was scandalized at her speaking of our Saviour as "the Son of God." Miss Whately remarks that, "in a first conversation with Moslems, it is not prudent to use this expression, as it often so excites their indignation that they will not listen to anything more one has to say to them, and thus the door may be shut against the truth." We apprehend, however, that with the mass at least of the Egyptian peasantry and village population, their knowledge of the Mohammedan traditions is so vague and imperfect, as to leave a great mental blank which may easily be filled up with the fundamental outlines of the Christian Gospel. At any rate, the difficulty would not appear to be so much greater than with the mass of our own working classes in this country, if it were not that the teachers of Christianity in Egypt are foreigners, with European habits and modes of thought. Apart from this question of the utility of Christian missions in the East, we cannot but feel much interested in an English lady's kind endeavour to raise the condition of her own sex, which is proverbially degraded by the customs of Mohammedan society. Her pictures of their rude domestic interiors are sometimes quite amusing. The following is a sketch of a Bedouin household at Muzzhuna, near Ghizeh, which Miss Whately visited in an excursion up the Nile:—

"The travellers were as surprised as I could have wished, on being introduced to this colony, where the tents and mud huts are clustered together amid the palm-trees, and inhabited by a set of beings who might, from their appearance, have been supposed to be in abject poverty; but dirt and ignorance aggravate matters sadly. Within one of the tents were a party of five or six men sitting, some of whom were not ill-clad at all in their style. The tent was large, and quite open in front, divided by a ragged curtain into two compartments; one of which was exclusively devoted to the women, though the partition was so low and full of holes that the separation seemed more form than reality. Several women were moving about the entrance, wearing short face-veils of white or lilac-coloured crape, just reaching below the chin, and plenty of brass and bead ornaments; only one or two sported massive silver bracelets, such as are constantly seen in Cairo and its neighbourhood. Some of the youngest children had no clothes of any sort; and the others were as ragged a crew as ever were seen; and excessively dirty, of course.

"As soon as the missionary was recognised he was cordially invited into the tent, and sat for some time reading and expounding the Gospel to the men. While this was going on, a woman came to the mud-built oven in front of her part of the tent with a plate of eggs in her hand; they somehow disappeared into the hole of the said oven, and came out in about five minutes without their shells, and swimming on the top of a quantity of melted butter. I never saw more expe-

ditious cooking in my life: this, with a trayful of coarse dourra bread, was taken to the tent; and as she did so, the woman turned round to me and said, 'This is for the teacher.'

"This was very gratifying to see. Nor was their kind hospitality confined to the teacher; they afterwards begged the rest of the party to partake of their dainties; which, however, were so far from cleanly, that every one declined; though, as I was aware of their sensitiveness on this point, I hastened to cover over our refusal by a profusion of excuses and thanks; assuring them in the name of those who did not know the language, that their eggs were certainly excellent; only that really we were not hungry, and could not possibly eat so early in the day, &c. Mr. Mansoor, however, was obliged to swallow a portion of the greasy mess in the tent; and was assisted by his friends there, who, doubtless, thought it delicious. Observing a large skin tied to one of the tent-pegs, I asked one of the women if it was for making butter; she told me it was, and offered, very good-naturedly, to show the process, which was new to all of us. The skin was half full of milk, which was waiting to be sour before churning. But that we might see how this was done, she untied the skin, and blew into it with her breath for about a minute, till it was strained tight with the confined air; then tied it up again, and taking hold of a second string fastened to the other end, she jerked it up and down, and said this was continued till the butter was made; then she untied it, and left it to sour at leisure; perhaps, if one did not see the process, the butter might not taste badly.

"We took a friendly leave of our Bedouins, and got back to the dahabeeh early in the afternoon."

THE ALMANACKS.

THE Almanacks for 1864 warn us that ere many weeks we shall have to part with a year on which, upon the whole, we have reason to congratulate ourselves. If it has stirred some threatening questions, and done nothing to appease the wrath of the contending parties in America; if it has deluged Poland in blood, and visited us with an ominous *idée Napoléonienne*, it has also seen the distress in Lancashire abated, our commerce extended, the Income-tax reduced, and our Royal Family increased with a new member—to the joy of the nation and the happiness of the august personage principally concerned in the addition. It is premature, however, to strike the balance between its good and evil, nor, indeed, have these high and mighty considerations much to do with the modest but useful books which lie before us. Here is, first, "Richards' Daily Remembrancer,"* or set of remembrancers, from the quartos which before long will contain the appointments and memoranda of merchants and great traders, of solicitors, agents, and men of multifarious engagements, down to the scribbling remembrancer for less important actors on the busy scene of life. All carry with them tables of information indispensable to men occupied in any branch of business; lists of holidays at the public-offices; law and university terms; lists of London, provincial, and foreign bankers; of commercial stamps for every imaginable document from which the insatiable Mr. Gladstone extracts a contribution to the revenue; tables of income-tax, ready-reckoners, annuity table, table of wages, equation table, interest table, table of foreign money in English value, Post-office regulations, home and foreign; lists of army, militia, marine, and navy agents, and of public and law offices; cab fares; railway stations, telegraph stations, &c. There is a list of the members of the Royal Family, of the members of both Houses of Parliament, and the Acts they passed in their last session; of the principal officers of State, of the Archbishops and Bishops, of the Queen's Ministers abroad, of Colonial Governors, and everything relating to the public service, with much other information, such as tables of weights and measures, &c., of a less dignified, but perhaps more useful kind. If your friend has named you his executor, you will find easy directions what to do under the first startling intelligence that you have to settle another man's affairs as well as your own. If you desire to be weather-wise, there are instructions which will help you to presage what sort of day to-morrow will be. And to wind up the week's work, there is a table of the lessons for each Sunday in the year. We can imagine nothing more ample than the stores of useful and indispensable knowledge which Messrs. Cowan & Sons have provided for the public in their valuable "Remembrancer." On a smaller scale, the same publishers send us "Harwood's Diary," with a pretty engraving of Osborne House, Isle of Wight, containing the same information, on a smaller scale, in a neat and portable volume. "The Churchman's Diary"† is quite a different affair, as its title imports, and treats principally of rubrical matters, ecclesiastical customs and ceremonies, saints' days, and rules for fasting and abstinence. "Suttaby's Pocket Diary"‡ is a neat pocket memorandum book in which to the almanack proper is added some good lists and tables. Then we come to the "Farmer's Almanack,"§ edited by Cuthbert W. Johnson and William Shaw. This almanack treats of fairs and markets, agricultural societies, diseases of live stock and their remedies. It contains, principally, a farmer's calendar, with general monthly notices of farming operations, in which the kitchen and flower gardens are not forgotten. The names of the editors are a guarantee that the notices are valuable. Manures and their prices form a valuable feature in this almanack, which contains also lists of the members of both Houses of Parliament, of the principal officers of State, tables of excise duties, income-tax, stamp duties, and other matters not bucolic, but with respect to which the agricultural mind may occasionally require to

* More about Ragged Life in Egypt. By M. L. Whately. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

† Alexander Cowan & Sons.
‡ R. & A. Suttaby.

§ Joseph Masters.
§ W. Ridgway.

be enlightened. Next we have Morton's "New Farmers' Almanack,"* edited by John C. Morton, editor of the *Agricultural Gazette*, &c. Here, again, we come in contact with fairs and markets, agricultural societies, memoranda of operations for each month of the year. There is also an able *resumé* of the agricultural history of 1863, and notes of legal decisions on agricultural matters. This almanack contains, moreover, a list of books proper for a farmer's library, a list of stock sales and of wages, and tables of weights and measures, and tithe commutation averages. The "Midland Counties Almanack"† is also bucolic, and contains stores of information well considered and useful. Davidson's "Musical Almanack"‡ utterly abjures the useful, and gives us instead the "King of Hearts Quadrilles," the "Pantomime Galop," a waltz, a polka, and three songs, which must be bad indeed if they are not value for threepence. The almanack proper records the dates on which poets, authors, and actors, but principally composers and singers of renown, were either born or died.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

CHRIST THE LORD.§

THIS volume is a useful addition to the Colenso controversy. Its aim is to throw light on the meaning and use of the name "Jehovah," and to show, in disproof of the Bishop's theory, that God was known to the patriarchs, from the very first, by this name, though not known in its strictest meaning of "a deliverer to come," or "fulfiller of promises," until the time of the Exodus. In an introductory chapter, the author considers the Bishop's arguments for a later introduction of the name derived from its assumed absence in proper names, and the frequency of its use in the later Psalms, and shows that they cannot be supported by the facts of the case. In the body of the volume, he carries his argument into the New Testament; and, starting with the prophetic significance of "Jehovah"—"HE WHO SHALL BE"—proves that it uniformly bears in its application to Christ this meaning. The object of the reasoning throughout is to support the conclusion that Dr. Colenso's interpretation of God's words to Moses, "By my name Jehovah was I not known to them," is opposed to philology, to facts, and to reason. Altogether the arguments are conducted with great skill, and, in our opinion, their force is irresistible.

PRAYERS FOR THE SICK AND SORROWFUL.||

THIS is an admirable supplement to Mr. Marsh's "Book of Bible Prayers." One would scarcely imagine that such a beautiful collection of prayers, suited for the use of afflicted persons, could be got together out of a single book of the Bible, did we not remember how full the Psalms are of the troubled outpourings of David's spirit. Here, however, they are all brought together; and a most suitable collection do they form for the purpose intended. We can recommend them either for private or family use, or—where we are sure they would be found most useful—for that of parochial visitors, to be lent about among the sick and afflicted in their districts.

THE ORDINANCES OF SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.¶

SOUND sense and fervent piety pervade these essays—many of them of a fragmentary character—which the affection of a daughter has collated and dedicated to the parishioners of the late rector of Malvern. All through there is the earnestness of one who has felt deeply on the subject of religion, and anxiously for the spiritual welfare of his flock. The title, "Ordinances of Spiritual Worship," declares at once the aim of the writer, which is to show that in a being framed as man is—a compound of body and soul—religion must be spiritual and yet developed and brought into active life by the aid of ordinances. Mr. Phillips's mind was evidently of that mould which cannot brook extremes—either the exaggeration of ritual worship, or that of a purely spiritual religion. We have read the book with much interest. The essays on the Lord's Supper and Baptism, on Death, the Vision of Heaven, and Education in Heaven, are replete with edification.

THE ORDINANCE OF PREACHING.**

THIS is an exceedingly useful little book, full of excellent ideas and valuable information on the subject of preaching. The author shows that the word "preaching" has, in the New Testament, two distinct meanings—"proclaiming" and "teaching." The words in the original Greek are different in the two cases. The Gospel may either be preached ("proclaimed") to the unconverted and unbaptized heathen; or, after conversion and baptism, it may be taught in its details to those who have become Christians. In the first case, we proselytise; in the second, we catechise and otherwise instruct. The latter is evidently the sense in which preaching is spoken of in Christian countries; and to the consideration of such preaching this little volume is devoted. Preaching, then, in Mr. Holden's opinion, may take place, either by good example, reading, catechising, private monition, visitation of the sick, cottage lectures, or the press. On

* Blackie & Son.

† Simpkin & Marshall.

‡ The Music Publishing Company.

§ Christ the Lord, the Revealer of God and the fulfilment of the prophetic name "Jehovah." By Thomas Tyler, B.A. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

|| Prayers for the Sick and Sorrowful, framed out of the Psalms. By John B. Marsh, Manchester. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

¶ The Ordinances of Spiritual Worship, their History, Meaning, and End, &c. By Rev. E. T. March Phillips. Longman, Green, & Longman.

** The Ordinance of Preaching Investigated. By the Rev. George Holden, M.A. Rivington.

each of these modes, suggestions are offered. Mr. Holden is of opinion that charity sermons have been carried too far through a mistaken desire to aid benevolent institutions. He also considers that though preaching is a Christian ordinance of great efficacy, its importance has been by several writers exaggerated beyond due proportions. On the whole, this is a volume which we can without hesitation recommend to readers who desire clear notions on the subject of preaching.

SERMONS ON SAINTS' DAYS.*

WE have here a volume of instructive sermons, written in a clear and attractive style, on the festivals of the Church. The subjects are the red-letter saints—Apostles, Evangelists, and other New Testament characters,—of whose lives an account is given, interspersed with such moral and religious reflections as the occasion in each case requires. As biographies of this kind of the witnesses of the life and resurrection of Christ rarely form the theme of Sunday sermons, this volume will, we have no doubt, furnish profitable and intelligent reading to a large class of religious readers, and be found otherwise generally useful.

WHAT IS FAITH?†

THIS is not the most orthodox of books; nor, in our opinion, does it display much common sense or knowledge of the subject-matter on which the author treats. The form into which it is cast is that of a letter of challenge to "the Rev. Dr. Baylee, of St. Aidans' College, and all theologians and divines, Roman Catholic, as well as Protestant." But the comical part of the matter is, that the challenge is from Mr. Nobody, or his equivalent, "Mr. A. B., a Layman"—a very convenient way of firing a blunderbuss at religion while escaping the just penalty of folly—the Terry-Alt, or Whiteboy plan of blackening one's visage before shooting a landlord or agent. The author thinks he makes a great point in proving that there is "nothing incomprehensible in Christianity." If he had remembered Locke's distinction, that the proper subject-matter of Revelation is things *above* reason, not things *contrary* to reason, he would have seen that a truth of Christianity might be incomprehensible, and yet not *contradictory* to reason. To our grandfathers it would have been incomprehensible that messages should be sent a thousand miles in a minute; but, though such a feat was above their reason, it was not contrary to it. In heaven and futurity there must at least in this sense be incomprehensible things. A. B. should also have known that the Scripture use of the word "mystery" is not an incomprehensible proposition, but a truth formerly concealed, and now made known for the first time.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE literature of postage-stamp collecting seems likely to become a not unimportant feature in the merchandise of Paternoster-row. Instead of the mania declining, it appears rather to be on the increase, especially amongst numismatists. A new handbook is about to appear, with the title, "The Standard Guide to Postage Stamp Collecting, with the values and degrees of rarity," a work upon which the authors, Messrs. Bellars and Davie, have been engaged for three years. It will include an account of the Mormon stamp issued by Brigham Young in 1852. Mr. Hotten will publish the work.

WE learn from Calcutta that Sir Charles Trevelyan has just offered a prize of 500 rupees for an essay in the Hindustani language of common conversation, legibly written in the Persian or Roman character, and accompanied with an English translation, on the following subject:—"Compare the influence of Greek learning on the Arabs, under the Abbasside Caliphs of Bagdad and the Ommiyade Caliphs of Cordova, with the subsequent influence of Arabian learning on the reviving European mind after the dark ages; and from the comparison infer the probable influence which the mature intellect of Europe should exercise, in its turn, now that it is once more brought in contact with the Mahomedan mind in India." Professor E. B. Conell, the well-known Oriental scholar, a Maulavi of the Calcutta Mudrissa, a Mussulman College, and another, are judges. The essays are to be sent to them, in Calcutta, before the 1st of October, 1864.

A VERY fair account of the geology of the country around Liverpool, being the substance of a lecture to the Liverpool Naturalists' Field Club, by Mr. George H. Morton, F.G.S., has been published by Messrs. Smith & Co., of that city. The physical features of the country around, its geological formations, chiefly coal-measures and trias rocks, glacial deposits, boulder clay, are well described; the submarine forest-beds forming very remarkable features in this district. The sections and illustrations are clear and appropriate.

THE Right Hon. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton and Sir C. L. Eastlake have consented to act as vice-presidents of the National Shakespeare Committee.

THE Eleventh Annual Report of the Free Public Library at Liverpool, lately printed, states the average daily issue of books as more than 1,600 volumes a day.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, & Co., have just published a little volume of character-sketches by Mr. Charles Bennett, under the title of "London People, Sketched from Life." The principal sketches have appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, to which magazine the essays which accompany them, entitled "The Excursion Train," "At the Play," and "Covent Garden Market," were contributed by Mr. John Hollingshead.

MR. BENTLEY has published "Constantinople during the Crimean War," by Lady Hornby, in imp. 8vo., with chromo-lithographs.

* Sermons on the Saints' Days, preached in Clapham Church. By Henry Whitehead, M.A., Curate of Clapham. Bosworth & Harrison.

† What is Faith? A Reply to Dr. Baylee's Challenge to Dr. Colenso, &c. By A. B., a Layman. Robert Hardwicke.

HURST & BLACKETT'S list of new works in the press comprises "Memoirs of Jane Cameron, a Female Convict," by a Prison Matron, author of "Female Life in Prison, 2 vols.; "The Destiny of Nations as indicated in Prophecy," by the Rev. J. Cumming, 1 vol.; and "Barbara's History," by Amelia B. Edwards, author of "My Brother's Wife," 3 vols.

MESSRS. NISBET & Co. have in the press (in addition to numerous works already announced), "The Old Helmet," by the author of "The Wide, Wide World," "The Golden Ladder," &c., 2 vols., post 8vo.; "From Scylla to Charybdis," by Melbourne Hollings, post 8vo.; "The Foot of the Cross," by Octavius Winslow, D.D.; "Jesus Showing Mercy," by the Rev. James Culross; "Letters of Ruth Bryan;" "The Children of Blackberry Hollow," by Anna Warner, with illustrations.

MR. TIMBS has just ready, in small 8vo., with frontispiece, a new work entitled "Knowledge for the Time," a Manual of Reading, Reference, and Conversation on Subjects of Living Interest.

THE first monthly part of Cassell's "Illustrated Robinson Crusoe," printed on toned paper, and embellished with full-page engravings, will be ready on the 28th inst.—uniform with Cassell's "Illustrated Bunyan."

MR. CHARLES READE'S novel of "Very Hard Cash" will be published by Messrs. Low, Son, & Co. early in December.

THE mysterious advertisement of "Kiddle-a-Wink," with which the walls of the metropolis have for some time past been posted, turns out to relate to the forthcoming number of Mr. Beeton's "Christmas Annual." Among the principal contents will be papers entitled "The Kiddle-a-Wink, or Ghostly Stories on the Western Coast," by Francis Derrick, with a striking frontispiece (a specimen of which is now before us) engraved by W. Thomas from a design by J. A. Pasquier, and other features. Another placard, which has puzzled many street-passengers in the last few weeks, is that of "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," and it is, we believe, the title of the collection of Christmas tales in *All the Year Round*.

MR. EDMUND YATES will commence a new novel of English life in the *Temple Bar Magazine*, on the conclusion of Mr. Dutton Cook's "Trials of the Tredgolds," in February next. Mr. G. A. Sala's new series of essays entitled "Streets of the World," will begin in the next number of the same magazine, and the January number will contain the opening chapters of a new novel by Miss Braddon, to be called "The Doctor's Wife."

It is rumoured in literary circles that Mr. Thackeray's new novel, to appear in the *Cornhill Magazine*, will relate to a very early period of English history, and will consequently be altogether different from his previous productions.

MR. G. A. SALA has started for America in the capacity of Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

THE new correspondent of the *Times* in the United States, who succeeds Mr. Charles Mackay, is Signor Gallenga, the well-known writer, and a member of the Italian Parliament.

MESSRS. TINSLEY BROTHERS have nearly ready, in 3 vols., a new novel entitled "Held in Bondage; or, Granville de Vigne."

MESSRS. LOCKWOOD & Co. have nearly ready a new edition, enlarged, of "The Complete Grazier," edited by Robert Scott Burn. The same publishers announce a second series of "Sunbeam Stories," a collection of tales by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."

THE article on "Clerical Subscription" in the new number of the *North British Review*, is understood to be from the pen of Lord Amberley, the son of Earl Russell.

THE hitherto anonymous author of "Grandmother's Money," "Wildflower," and other novels published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, and which have attained some popularity, announces his name as Mr. F. W. Robinson, in connection with a new novel from his pen, in the press, entitled "A Woman's Ransom."

THE first volume of Mr. Charles Knight's "Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century, with a Prelude of Early Reminiscences," is nearly ready for publication.

PUNCH'S Pocket-Book for 1864, illustrated by John Leech and John Tenniel, will be published this week.

THE first volume of Mr. George Long's new "History of the Decline of the Roman Republic" is in the press, and will be shortly published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy.

MR. J. FOSTER KIRK, the author of "The History of Charles the Bold," about to be published by Mr. Murray, is an American gentleman, who was the literary secretary of the late Mr. Prescott, the blind historian.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & Co. have in the press a volume entitled, "Reynard the Fox in South Africa, or Hottentot Fables and Tales," chiefly translated from original manuscripts in the library of his Excellency Sir George Grey, by W. H. J. Bleek; also "Torn Leaves from the Chronicles of the Ancient Nations of America," eighty-three photographs from the original drawings by Don Tito Visino, 4to., in portfolio.

THE new novel by the Author of "Recommended to Mercy," is entitled "The Golden Rule," and will be published shortly by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, in 3 vols.

MESSRS. LONGMAN & Co. will publish in a few days, "Scriptural Paraphrases: a Commentary wholly Biblical on some of the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels," by a Layman; "The British Empire: its Geography, Growth, Natural and Political Features," by Caroline Bray, author of "Physiology for Schools," with five maps; "Manual of the Metalloids," by J. Apjohn, edited by the Rev. J. A. Galbraith and the Rev. S. Haughton, with thirty-eight woodcuts; &c.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE exhibition of pictures by the old masters, and the more distinguished deceased painters of the English school, which the directors of the British Institution assemble every year, has a purpose beyond that of showing these examples to the general public. Certain of the works are selected for the special study of artists who may be disposed to try their hand and test their knowledge of the technical part of the art of painting. We are aware that many painters disapprove of this line of study altogether, and there are not a few critics and connoisseurs who agree with them in condemning the practice as not only useless, but positively injurious to any native talent a young painter might possess. It has also been urged, from a different point of view, that the practice of copying became in fact one of imitation—of manufacturing *fac-simile* pictures, which were from the first not undertaken as a matter of study, but simply to supply a dishonest market with spurious wares. The latter is an evil which does no doubt exist to a considerable extent, and there would appear to be no very practicable way of preventing it so long as "real originals" of the old masters must be had, when their authors are no more, and while there exists a crowd of artists who paint to live and do not live to paint. We have always considered, however, that the multiplication of good copies of the best examples of the art was a good thing, and better calculated to spread a correct and healthy feeling for art and elevate the taste than bad originals, whether old or modern. The question is whether it is not worth while to encourage this proceeding, even allowing the evil of occasional deliberate roguery practised upon those who are ignorant buyers—an evil, by the way, which has its remedy provided by the law. Copies are made every day so near to the original that they may really be said almost to be reproductions, and in such case the advantage must be one very decidedly appreciable. To mention one or two instances which occur to us—the late Sir Robert Peel, who was a very keen judge of Dutch pictures, was once persuaded, on the advice of an intimate friend, though against his own inclination, to purchase a certain picture by Hobbima, for which the considerable sum of 700 guineas was paid, the work taking its place amongst the gems of the Dutch school at Whitehall. It was soon whispered to Sir Robert that the Hobbima had been painted by R. R. Reinagle, R.A., who was rather proud of his success; and it was thought that, as a matter of course, the picture would be disgraced; not so, however, for Sir Robert decided that, as a work of art, it was worthy to remain where it was. Another remarkable instance of good copying has recently created some sensation, in which, it is said, one of the most accomplished experts has been deceived—no other than Dr. Waagen, who has written so extensively upon the treasures of art in England. He mentions certain pictures in the collection of an English nobleman, by Claude, and another by Sir Joshua Reynolds, as very fine examples of the masters; when Mr. Powell, a well-known copyist by profession, naturally enough claims the merit as the painter of those striking originals. Thus much suffices to show that if these excellent judges are satisfied it must be possible to give a copy which deserves the term reproduction.

With regard to the prevention of deception and the depreciation such as it is of originals, this is generally attempted in the galleries abroad by the rule of not permitting copies of the exact size of the originals to be made. In England, unfortunately, we are not so particular in this respect, and at the National Gallery, as well as at South Kensington, numerous copies are regularly made, which, after passing through the hands of the dealers and undergoing the approved cracking and dirtying processes, would deceive Dr. Waagen himself. The British Institution very properly required the assent of the owner as to the copying and the size of the copy, but it is by no means uncommon to see, as in the instance of the famous Rembrandt portrait of the "Burgomaster Six" in the present exhibition, copies of the same size. The advantages to be derived from exact copying as distinct from mere artist studies of colour and composition on a small scale, are sufficiently obvious. Several points of the utmost value are set before the student in a more palpable manner than they could be studied in nature, except by the eye and mind of a master; these are, for example, drawing, composition, expression, harmony, and tone of colour, handling, and method of painting. If our students were instructed by finished artists in observing and endeavouring to acquire the art of producing pictures with the highest qualities seen in the old masters, they would benefit largely; but if, on the other hand, this study is left to be pursued, as it is so often, without intelligence and without the advice gained by experience, the result is that much labour is expended in vain, and hopeless attempts are persisted in, often entirely in the wrong direction. We observe that the British Institution professes to be, or to have, a school of painting; but if so, it would appear that the students are their own masters, and very few of them can be said to be instructed in the ordinary technicalities of their art. Another point that calls for notice, as showing a want of direction in the studies, is that the pictures set apart for copying are not judiciously chosen as examples suitable for the different grades of study, and evidently the most difficult pictures are allowed to be copied by students who have very little qualification for the task. The splendid Rembrandt portrait of "Burgomaster Six," which belongs to Lord Clifden, has inspired no less than twenty students, out of

which it is impossible to say that one has succeeded in imitating a picture that is perhaps inimitable. The wonderful brilliancy of tone and the technical qualities of the master are seen to have been well understood by Mr. R. B. Paul; but the features have not the pliancy and not precisely the same form as the original; the expression consequently is not quite attained. A more serious error, though a remediable one, is in the tone of the background, which, in place of the cool mysterious grey of Rembrandt, is too full of heavy red and yellow. Mr. Weir has made two attempts of the full size, but we should suppose has not succeeded in pleasing himself. In one the simple expression of thoughtfulness has been well caught, however, though both the copies may lack glow and richness. Mr. J. W. Chapman's copy is not so happy as some others which he has made. A copy by Mr. J. Bigg is only noticeable as an example of the utterly mistaken notion that the brilliancy and powerful relief of Rembrandt are to be imitated by coarse layers of paint. Of the copies made by ladies, those by Mrs. Croudace, Miss Allen, Miss McCarthy, and Miss J. Oakley are the best. The portrait of the "Burgomaster's Wife," a picture remarkable chiefly for its want of Rembrandt character, is also one left for copy, though it has not found favour with the artists. The other examples of Rembrandt were the Marquis of Westminster's portraits of the painter "Berghem and his Wife," both fine examples of the artist's boldest and most real manner, with less of his rich toning of the lights and shadows. Of the twelve copies of the keen-eyed, dark featured head of Berghem, not one comes near it in life-like expression. Mr. W. Weir's is cleverly touched, but very defective in tone, Mr. Joshua Taylor's comes next, perhaps, and Miss Oakley deserves a word of praise for her small copy in oils. Mr. Weir's copy of "The Wife" has the same good qualities of touch and handling, especially in the painting of the closed hands. In this picture Miss Oakley has been more successful in giving tone to her work.

Romney's bravura sketch of "Lady Hamilton," which is lent by Lord de Tabley, was anything but a well-chosen picture, because it could only employ the seventeen students in being elaborately sketchy—in imitating the dashing work, which Romney hit off in as many minutes as they have taken days to fail in doing.

Mr. J. W. Chapman's, though a little smaller, is a very close copy. Miss Jane Robins' copy, though it shows something too much of retouching, attains the good points of colour in the original. Miss McCarthy has with slight exaggeration caught a good deal of the sketchy character, and Miss Constance Nugent's small drawing is very cleverly coloured. Mr. H. M. Bacon's copy, good in colour except the hair which is too purple, scarcely gives the peculiar attitude of the head. Romney is quite as difficult to copy and by no means so well worth imitating as Rembrandt, and we could have spared the other lessons from his brush which have been set to the students, in all making seven. The charming portraits of the children of the Earl Derby of his day were an excellent subject for studying the portraiture of childhood. Of the twenty-six copies, Mrs. Charretie has best succeeded, though on so small a scale. Miss Annie Rogers should also be named as one of the few successful amongst so many.

Gainsborough's picture of a little girl with the milkpail, belonging to Sir G. R. Phillips, of which there are thirteen copies, chiefly on a very small scale, has met with but very poor appreciation, a small water-colour drawing by Miss Townsend being the only instance in which the picture has been at all perfectly understood. A seashore piece by Gainsborough has been very boldly and well sketched in by Mr. Paul, and Mrs. Croudace's copy is the only one out of the remaining ten which calls for mention. The landscapes by Ruysdael, Bonnington, Wilson, Callcott, Crome, Nasmyth, and J. Martin were small, and of no special character to entitle them to be chosen as models, neither have they been well studied, if we except the little piece of park scenery by Martin, of which an admirable drawing has been made by Miss Fall.

It says little for the school, if such there be, that the fine pictures by Tintoretto,—"Vulcan and Venus," from Sir C. Eardley's gallery, by Sebastian del Piombo, a portrait from Lord Lindsay's, employed so few pencils; a miserable little drawing, showing not the slightest idea of Tintoretto, by Mr. H. B. Zeigler, and one or two small sketches of the Sebastian del Piombo, are the only attempts made to study these excellent examples of Italian art. The only other Italian work was an ugly landscape with shepherds, by an unheard-of master—one Grugulio, which, out of pure eccentricity, has employed the talents of Mr. J. Blackall. If we say that the one example of Sir Joshua Reynolds—Sir Digby Neave's picture, called "Terpsichore"—has been very well copied by Mr. Joshua Taylor, we shall have mentioned all the pictures which have formed the subjects for the students at the British Institution this year.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

WHILE our modern serious drama has long reached no higher literary level than the fiction of the *London Journal*, our modern comic drama—wholly adapted from the French, if we exclude burlesque—has aimed at even a lower standard of composition. The literature that was once popular in *The Town*—and those free and easy sketches of fancy manners which, before now, have sent their Holywell-street publishers to prison—seem to be all that our hack translators can put upon the stage, when they undertake to Anglicise the indecencies of the "Palais Royal." We have lately had two glaring proofs of this in a farce, called "A Bull in a

China-shop," produced at the Haymarket, and now, we believe, withdrawn, and in another farce, called "Beauty or the Beast," which is now being played at Drury Lane Theatre.

The Haymarket farce is only worthy of passing notice to show what an intelligent management will venture to offer to its patrons. It will give them a picture of society in which a young lady is accused of having a bastard, in which the father of this young lady, with his wife still living, is bearded in his own house by an impulsive "horsebreaker" with whom he has dined at Richmond; and in which a female servant, said to be married, is made uncomfortable, because she cannot sleep, as usual, with her lover or husband in the drawing-room.

The farce of "Beauty or the Beast," which now relieves the incestuous and God-defying gloom of "Manfred" at Drury Lane, though Englished by a more experienced hand, is full of coarse innuendoes and indelicate situations. Miss Rose Leclercq, who is refined in appearance and manner, and who has already had to represent the victim of incestuous love in Byron's poem, is now pelted with a variety of allusions that are considered vastly funny by Cockney libertines. Full in the face of two thousand men and women (who roar with delight at these allusions, in spite of the high lesson which many public teachers think they have learnt from witnessing "Manfred"), poor Miss Leclercq has to put herself in positions and utter dialogue that ought to shock the modesty of a Moll Flanders. That the fun of the piece may not flag for want of a wholesale supply of congenial material, the hackneyed middle-aged French wife is introduced, running headlong, as usual, into adultery.

A more elaborate attempt to transplant the notorious impurities of the French stage, and to justify them by a weak contrivance, has just been made at the Haymarket Theatre in the comedy of "Silken Fetters." This piece is a condensed version of M. Scribe's "Une Chaine"—a five act play of the Théâtre Français, which is entirely based upon adultery. The English adapter, Mr. Leicester Buckingham, has tried to meet the real or supposed prejudices of an English audience, by turning this adultery into bigamy, but the alteration has not strengthened the morality of the piece, while it has weakened its acting quality. Twenty years ago, when this comedy, then recently produced in Paris, was first imported for the English stage, and played at the Old Adelphi Theatre, the relationship of husband and wife which existed between the two principal characters was altered to that of brother and sister. By these means the adultery was got rid of, and the love of the heroine for a young musical composer was softened into an unfortunate passion.

Mr. Buckingham has been bolder than his predecessor—the first adapter—but he has hardly been more successful. M. Scribe's story turns upon a love intrigue between a noble married lady and a young musical composer whom she assists by her patronage. The young man encourages this passion up to a certain point—a point at which he appears to have gained all he is likely to gain from the influence of his noble friend—when he suddenly discovers that he is only grateful to his mistress, and that he is really in love with a youthful cousin. His struggles to break this adulterous "chain," in which he is not at all assisted by the infatuated lady, and his remorse at having deceived the noble and too-trusting husband of his mistress, who has loaded him with kindness, fill the five acts of M. Scribe's comedy. Much knowledge of human nature, and more knowledge of Paris—the Frenchman's world—are displayed in "Une Chaine," and we can well believe that the ingenious author, who was a thorough Parisian, looked upon this comedy as his chief production.

In "Silken Fetters" Mr. Buckingham has taken this story, cut it down to three acts with considerable skill, made a few minor alterations and transpositions, and has put it on the stage with a new, and, as we think, a weak contrivance. Instead of turning husband and wife into brother and sister, he has allowed their mutual relations to remain as they are in the original comedy, but he has made the noble lady marry her lover during a period when she supposed her first husband was drowned. By this plan the adapter has tried to get rid of the stain of adultery; but, as in order that the piece may be worked out through its allotted three acts, he has been compelled to allow all the old intimacy of the lady and her lover to remain when the real husband has returned, and is only in the next room or round the corner, we are at a loss to see what the piece has gained in morality. As the husband, even up to the last, when the young man is given up by the lady, is kept in ignorance of the real state of affairs, and the lady makes violent love to her favourite through several scenes, we believe that any ethical court would rule that this constitutes adultery. The audience, however, though they were not quite so enthusiastic on the first night as they are when coarser immoralities are being displayed, gave the adapter sufficient encouragement to show that their sense of propriety had not been outraged.

The acting of the comedy had less than usual to do with its success, if we except the part of a young, beaming, fussy lawyer, which was sustained by Mr. Charles Mathews. His business was to bound in at critical moments, to take everybody's sins upon his shoulders, and even to carry the piece, through many dangers, to a happy conclusion. He did all this in his most cheerful style, and was an agreeable relief to the deceived husband, who was represented by Mr. Howe only as a good-natured fool; and the lover, who, as embodied by Mr. Farren, was a selfish, skulking hypocrite. Mr. Chippendale, as an old merchant, pleased us much by his make-up; and Miss Maria Harris, as his daughter—the youthful cousin of the play—acted very carefully. Mrs. Charles Mathews,

for whose appearance in an intense character the piece was probably produced, was as satisfactory as could fairly be expected in the wife of two husbands. She is unused, we fancy, to these very weighty parts, and with more practice she will tone down certain exuberances, and become less of an histrionic Dudd.

"A kind of sleepy Venus seemed Dudd,
Yet very fit to murder sleep in those
Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,
Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose:
Few angles were there in her form 'tis true,
Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce lose;
Yet, after all, 'twould puzzle to say where
It would not spoil some separate charm to pare."

If we seek for perfect purity of subject in the new dramas of the last fortnight, we must go to the suburbs and witness Mr. Westland Marston's play of "Pure Gold" at Sadler's Wells Theatre. In the purity of the play, however, our satisfaction will begin and end; for, as a literary production, it is far inferior to the poetical dramatic works of the same author. There is more stage knowledge exhibited than in "Ann Blake" or the "Patrician's Daughter," but not more than in the "Hard Struggle" or the "Wife's Portrait;" while the plot and characters seldom rise above a *London Journal* level. The story turns upon very hackneyed incidents—the conviction of an innocent man upon strong circumstantial evidence and his subsequent struggles to regain his lost place in society. The language—though more polished than that of most dramatists who could put together such a play—is coarse for Mr. Marston, and the construction of the drama is somewhat loose. The acting in the principal characters—particularly that of Mr. Henry Marston, Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Marriott, and Mr. Edmund Phelps—is open to few objections, but the minor parts are sustained very badly. This theatre, under the management of Mr. Phelps, was just as much a trading concern as it is at present, but it was also a strict school for inexperienced actors.

MUSIC.

THE Sacred Harmonic Society commenced its season on Friday week with a performance of Mr. Costa's "Eli," the solos by Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper (*vice* Mr. Sims Reeves), Messrs. Santley, Winn, and Morgan. Mr. Costa's work is conceived in the florid style which belongs to the modern Italian school, aiming rather at tuneful grace and elegance than at that majesty and grandeur which characterize the oratorios of the German composers. As a contrast, therefore, to the music of Handel and Mendelssohn, which forms the staple of the society's performances, "Eli" is doubtless a welcome variety to the audience, especially when so finely given as on the last occasion. "Elijah" is announced for next Friday.

The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre have obtained an additional attraction from the appearance of Signor Sivori, whose brilliant fantasia playing is unsurpassed for quality of tone and dexterity of mechanism.

M. Lotto continues in favour with the audience of the Monday Popular Concerts. On Monday last he repeated Bach's "Chaconne," led Mendelssohn's quartett in D, and joined Mr. Charles Hallé in Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata.

SCIENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR MAGIC-LANTERNS.

MERRY Christmas time and magic-lanterns are undoubtedly closely associated in juvenile minds; and perhaps amongst all the pleasures and amusements of that festive season few, if any, are more enjoyed or are more amusing than phantasmagorical exhibitions. The natural delight and wonderment at seeing visionary landscapes and personages appear and disappear mysteriously in a darkened room are not even entirely suppressed in older minds, who know full well all that is going on behind the scenes; and when cleverly and carefully managed, such exhibitions excite the liveliest sensations in the inexperienced spectator. But not only is the magic-lantern—for under that term we include all the various kinds of apparatus, from the child's shilling toy, with its simple slide, to the oxy-hydrogen, and oxy-calcium microscopes, with their more elaborate effects of dissolving views—an instrument prolific of fun and laughter through the drollery of the artist's fancies; but it is also one capable of conveying much instruction, and efforts have long been successfully made to do so by means of actual views, scenes, and objects of natural history, which have been painted on the slides with very good effect. Of course, where these paintings are large, perhaps a foot or eighteen inches square, as they are for such scenic effects as are produced at the Colosseum, the Polytechnic, and other similar public places of amusement, the artist can exhibit a considerable amount of skill, and the size of his picture enables him to work up its details with taste and accuracy. But in the smaller slides used in ordinary lanterns, and even in those for the more expensive instruments, very great defects of painting will occur, and these, enormously magnified on the screen, appear very glaring to those who possess any ordinary appreciation of pictorial effects and design. How transcendently beautiful and explicit, for high scientific purposes, exhibitions of natural objects by the powerful beams

of the electric light are, we know by the extraordinary displays which Professor Tyndall has from time to time made at the Royal Institution, and at the meetings of the British Association, not only on the occasions of his own lectures, when he has shown the spectrum colour-bands in their most gorgeous colours, ruled through and through by the Fraunhofer lines—totally invisible to the unassisted eye—the crystallization of water, and the decomposition of ice, the evolution of gases by galvanism and many other most delicate natural phenomena, formerly reckoned amongst the secrets of nature, but also from those with which in the like manner he has aided the illustration of the Astronomer Royal's lecture on the Solar Eclipse, Mr. Crookes' on Thallium, Professor Maskelyne's, when the thin section of a meteorite was made to show its structural crystals, and Mr. Frank Buckland's, when the living fry of fish were displayed with all their internal organs in full vital action. Such accomplishments suffice completely to show the high value the magic-lantern has as a philosophical and educational instrument. It is worth going back a couple of centuries for the curiosity of comparing the first design of the Jesuit Kircher, as given in the "*Ars Magna Lucis et Umbrae*," published in 1646, with the instruments now sold in our shops.

At the commencement of the present century some great improvements were made in the manner of exhibiting, amongst which was the use of a screen or curtain of fine varnished muslin or gauze. The transparency of such a screen prevents its being obvious to the spectators, and the lantern being placed behind it and carefully screened is also completely invisible to them. By means of the draw-tube separating the lenses the objects on the screen were made to appear small and distant at first, then gradually to approach the spectator, and then as gradually to recede and disappear. Another recent improvement was the use of two lanterns and a moveable lever between them, having at each end a sort of comb-shaped screen, one pointing upwards and the other downwards, by means of which are produced those hazy shiftings of the scenes which are now familiar to us as "dissolving views."

But while the lanterns for performing these phantasmagorical exhibitions have been actually raised to the rank of philosophical instruments, the slides and consequently the pictorial effects produced on the screen remain nearly in their primitive rudeness. The prices at which they are sold are commonly barely more than sufficient to pay for children's work, and even the higher-class slides, which cost from a pound to thirty shillings apiece, are only the work of inferior artists, while hand-painting on glass has inherent defects of manipulation which not even the best painters can entirely vanquish. Scripture scenes, views of foreign scenery, architectural buildings, and figures of birds, beasts, and fishes, of fair artistic skill, produced by hand, can be obtained, but not of any intrinsic merit under the prices we have named. Four such slides would make but a poor exhibition, and yet would cost from five to six pounds. There seems, then, an appropriate field for photography in this direction, for whatever human skill has accomplished in painting or engraving, whatever in nature can be seen, landscape or figure, can be copied by photography as well on glass as on paper or metal, and photographs on glass can be beautifully and accurately magnified by the lantern on the screen. The principal difficulty in the application of photographic slides to this purpose has hitherto been in the defects of the collodion film, the milky haziness of which was conveyed to the screen as a dull mottled cloudiness which obscured and rendered indistinct the picture produced by the rays from the lantern. There was also another difficulty with collodion, that of effectively colouring the subjects photographed upon it. About two years ago Messrs. Negretti and Zambra produced lantern slides the pictures on which were photographed on albumen—a substance which, when coagulated by acid, was perfectly transparent and so hard as to bear rubbing and scraping with the nail and other rough handling with perfect impunity, standing in this respect in marked opposition to collodion, which injures with the lightest touch. Albumen being deemed an exceedingly troublesome material to manipulate has always been neglected by photographers, and only by Ferrier, of Paris, have we seen any pictures on albumen at all comparable with those of the excellent opticians of Hatton-garden. Not indeed by any metropolitan maker have we seen their albumen-slides at all approached for sharpness and perfection of detail or for transparency. And this property of the hardness of the albumen is further valuable in permitting the rubbing off of the metallic silver film which is thrown down in the process of photographing, and which permanently remains to deaden the shades and shadows of the collodion pictures. By the getting rid of this metallic deposit it is obvious the transparency of the picture must acquire the utmost perfection.

Prints, book engravings, and lithographs, and direct photographs of statuary make most admirable lecture-illustrations, and mere diagrammatic pictures in black or white have very superior effects, for the absolute features of the most esteemed and elaborate works of art are preserved in the miniature copies, and faithfully reproduced in their subsequent amplifications. Another great advantage of the albumen is the facility with which it can be coloured. The light and shade of the subject being produced in the photographic tints, the colouring is effected by a mere washing over with varnish or water-colours, which gives clear and agreeable effects altogether out of comparison with ordinary hand-painting. As specimens of natural history, sections of minerals, bones, plants, and microscopic objects, views of physical scenery, pictures, machinery, engineering operations, and a vast variety of subjects, can thus be transferred to the

albumen-slides with certainty and perfection of result, there is no reason why the magic-lantern should not be made a very valuable instrument in the hands of clergymen, schoolmasters, and lecturers engaged or interested in the education of children and youths, while the cost of the finest albumen photographic slides being only about ten or twelve shillings, a large series may be obtained by a few pounds' expenditure.

For two consecutive years the Manchester Mechanics' Institute carried on a public exhibition of these photographs with considerable profit, and there cannot be a doubt that a full development of this means of philosophical and instructive amusement would prove very valuable in extending a knowledge of physical geography, astronomy, mechanics, history, and generally of other arts and sciences.

And not only for the young is it that these means may be profitably used. With the oxycaesium microscope subjects of great minuteness may be advantageously displayed. The minute pictures taken by the microscopist, for example, can be enlarged to the dimensions of a slide, and this again amplified to several feet in diameter, still further displaying those details, which even under the high powers of a good microscope the eye is strained to perceive. We should scarcely have dwelt so much on a process not positively new had it not been that the valuable material albumen was still generally under the ban of photographers.

THE GÉANT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE monster French balloon has been inflated in more senses than one at the Crystal Palace. It was imagined it would prove a great "draw," but its success in that respect does not appear to be greater than that which has attended its practical application to aërostation. Indeed, an actual inspection has convinced us that the opinions we expressed, founded on the drawings and statements issued by its promoters, the nature of the disasters which befel it on its voyages, and its general performances, were substantially correct, and that the balloon is not constructed on proper philosophical principles. As exhibited in the central transept of the Palace, it is slung by a rope attached to the upper valve, and filled with common air pumped in by a steam-engine. This process distends it to its full dimensions, but it leaves the full weight of the material of the balloon pendent from the rim of the valve-hoop, and the consequence has been that on Monday the silk tore away from the valve and the balloon fell to the ground. That is, it would have fallen if it could have done so, but the valve is only about two feet across, and through the orifice left by its absence the contained air took, we were told, twenty minutes or half an hour to squeeze itself out. In this way the ample folds of silk subsided, rather than fell, upon the floor. This accident, another we fear of a long series destined yet to befall it, shows conclusively the correctness of our inference that the perils of its last descent were due to the inefficacy of its valve, and the rending of the balloon was the practical means of escape on that occasion for the unfortunate inmates of the car.

Not only in the balloon itself, but in the netting and attachment of the car, there is an obvious want of knowledge of first principles. The car is simply an ugly cumbersome hamper with peep-hole windows; but the compensator is absolutely ridiculous, and can serve no purpose that a partial inflation of the balloon would not equally well effect; for if the expanded gas flow into the compensator, the total lifting power of the whole aërostat will be just as great as if no gas had come out of the principal balloon at all; and as men, we know, cannot ascend beyond a definite height with safety to life, and as, for prudential reasons, aëronauts are often restricted to given levels of elevation, gas must be let out to enable the ballast to equipoise the machine. Moreover, the proportion of the compensator to the great balloon, about 3,500 to 215,300 cubic feet, is by no means adequate to meet the expansion of the gas under the most ordinary circumstances. In the "Aëronaute," M. Nadar tells us he has made a balloon of proportions extraordinarily gigantic,—"twenty times larger than the largest, which shall realize that which has never been but a dream in the American journals, which shall attract in France, England, and America the crowd always ready to run to witness the most insignificant ascent." This asserted monster capacity of the Géant seriously diminishes when we compare it with other monster balloons previously constructed. Judging from an estimated distance between the Crystal Palace pillars supporting the galleries, and taking the two outermost pendent cords from the sides of the balloon, we should have thought the diameter to be about 70 feet, and upon this estimation the contents would be about 170,000 cubic feet; and as about a thousand feet of carburetted hydrogen will lift 40 lb. in weight, such an estimate would be more in accordance with its recorded doings than the asserted capacity of 215,000 cubic feet. Of former balloons, with which a comparison may be made, we have first "Egg's folly," a gigantic balloon built of skins, and in form like a fish, having internally a small gas bladder, and this appendage even was of dimensions sufficient to take up, in after-years, when the fish-balloon itself was no more, Barzani's Tom Thumb, at the Surrey Gardens. The "Globe," a French balloon, which ascended from Cremorne in 1852, would take up five-and-twenty persons, and was, we believe, fully as large as the "Géant." Then, again, Hoare's immense fire-balloon, which played such sad antics at the Beulah Spa—starting off without due notice of its intentions, and carrying off in its netting some of the poor

workmen employed, to land them with broken bones. Indeed, the vagaries of this monster brought it to an untimely end, for, refusing to go up on another occasion at the Surrey Gardens, it was cut to pieces with halfpence shied by the infuriated multitude. Lowe's aerial ship in America, which was built to cross the Atlantic some three years since, was double the size of the "Géant."

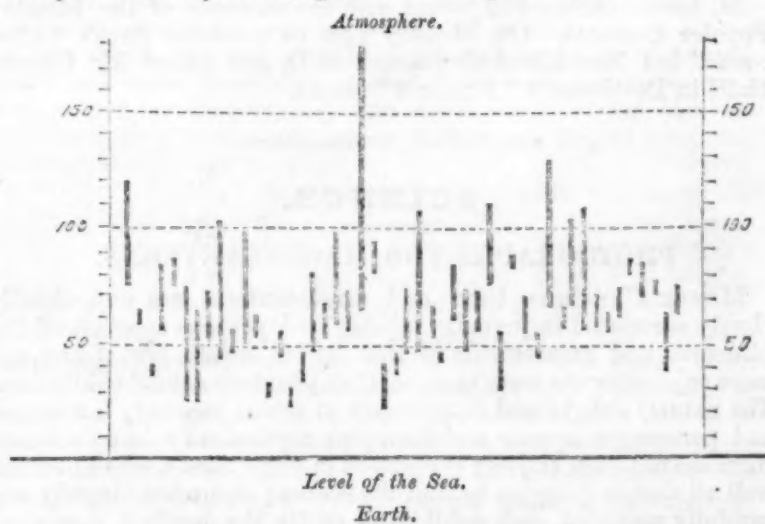
But the fates of all these examples only go to add additional testimony to the inconveniences and dangers of monster balloons. The balloon to be practical must be under the control of one man: a crew cannot be well commanded.

Whatever gigantic posters, abundant advertising, and newspaper articles could do to make the "Géant's" exhibition known and taking has been done by the spirited manager of the Crystal Palace. He even offered, we hear, to allowed the "bruised" car of Nieuberg notoriety to follow in the wake of the Lord Mayor's procession; but his Worship, thinking there were obstructions enough in the City on that occasion, respectfully declined. Joking people say too that a crew of porters was hired to take it about to the "public places," but having been furnished with money for beer, they mistook the order, and visited as many "public-houses" as they could, returning with their valued charge in rather an inebriated condition. But jokes are jokes, and we do not vouch for the truth of these humorous rumours. What we do object to is to be served, under a flourish of trumpets, with one thing instead of another: we are promised a screw, and are given a monstrous bubble. If M. Nadar means to do anything with his "beloved screw," we should have thought the £6,500 his "Géant" is said to have cost would have been a tolerable instalment towards trying an experiment in the direction he so earnestly assures us he desires. If he can make a machine to lift a mouse, surely with £6,000 he could make one to carry a man, if not across the Atlantic or over the Channel, at least a mile or two, to show the world what with more money he could do. Such a visible and practical machine would have been more convincing than M. Doré's drawing of a smoking monster completely in nubibus, as an illustration of M. Nadar's ideas of screwing through the air.

SHOOTING STARS OF AUGUST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The heights of meteors or shooting stars determined during the continuance of the great display of August last, the 10th, are so far accordant among themselves that future physicists will in all likelihood be able to found their explications upon data obtained in this remarkable shower. In the accompanying plate, the height of twenty-eight meteors observed by Professor Heis at Münster, in Germany, are followed by the heights of twenty meteors observed for the same object at Hawkhurst, in Kent. The mean height of appearance at Münster is 78 English miles, at Hawkhurst 82 English miles above the level of the sea. The mean height of disappearance at Münster is 48 English miles, and at Hawkhurst 58 English miles above the sea-level. On both estimations the meteors exploded above the crepuscular atmosphere, or that portion of our atmosphere which conveys the last rays of twilight from the departed sun.



All the meteors whose heights were determined at Hawkhurst were nevertheless included within the shadow of the earth, and did not shine by the borrowed light of the sun. They were therefore self-luminous. The above diagram indicates the height of shooting stars, August 10, 1863, at appearance and disappearance above the surface of the earth.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Collingwood, Hawkhurst, Nov. 11, 1863.

ALEX. S. HERSCHEL.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I beg to forward you the following, hoping it may not be too late to be of service. I have collected on the whole 138 reports from 122 places. Most have already appeared in print, and the majority are comparatively worthless when inquired into, but those which I now send are from parties I know. The shock appears to have been more severely felt at Garway than at any other place from which I have accounts. Garway is twelve miles distant from Ross (Herefordshire), and about the same from Hereford and Abergavenny; it is a very hilly place, but its geological character I am not acquainted with. The house of Mr. Herbert, which is built of stone, with a slight foundation, and is situated in the valley close to the river, was severely

shaken. It stands nearly square with the cardinal points, and the south wall was split from top to bottom by the shock, the crack running in a slanting direction, the top of it being towards the west. The crack has since increased, and the stone is becoming loose. All the top rooms are more or less cracked; one whole brick and three and a half bricks fell down a chimney. Mr. H., who was in bed, describes the shock as "uplifting," and the sensation as if four men had lifted his bed up by the corners; pigs shrieked violently, and large farm-horses, which had been turned out for the night, galloped home in alarm, and the pheasants in a neighbouring cover uttered cries as if they were being caught.

Mr. H. Herbert, jun., Garway Mill, informs us that all the top rooms in his house are cracked in various places; ceilings also, and part of one ceiling fell down; a pair of candlesticks on a table were thrown to the ground.

At Dymock, Gloucestershire, two violent undulating shocks were felt at an interval of about two minutes (?).

At Ross, Herefordshire, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Beckett was up with a sick infant. She heard a violent rumbling noise like a heavy waggon; then a shock, as if it struck the house. The west wall appeared to lean towards her as if it would fall, and a chair was tilted off two legs, about four inches from the floor, towards the east.

At Ross, also, at the house of Dr. McCleverty, the doors of a large wardrobe flew open; the back of the wardrobe stands towards the east.

The above statements are by no means so clear as I had hoped, but I send them to avoid more delay; it is very difficult to get definite statements from persons unaccustomed to observation.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Knightsbridge, Nov., 1863.

W. LEWIS.

THE manipulation of the process for photographing in the colours of the original, which has been in dispute between M. Ricco and Colonel Baratti, has been published in a Milan photographic journal, and does not after all appear to be very near an accomplishment of this long desired result. Suppose the subject a portrait. The photograph taken by daylight is put in a basin of water in the dark, and the subsequent operations are performed by candle-light. Two solutions are prepared, one of chloride of gold and acetate of soda; the other of hyposulphite of soda. There are also two basins with water and a quire of blotting-paper. The photograph is taken out of the water, and put between the blotting-paper; then laid on a square of glass, and the whole surface, except the face and hands, is brushed over with a coating of the first solution. The parts subjected to the action of the gold soon change into black. The photograph is then put into water again, and left for a few minutes, during which the operator prepares a second photograph, if required. The first one being taken out is put into the second solution and is then washed. The time of immersion will influence the depth of colour. It is in this way by successive immersions an orange-coloured cravat will be obtained in one minute, a coffee-coloured great-coat in five, violet-coloured trousers in ten, and a black coat in half an hour; while the hyposulphite of soda solution gives colour to the flesh and hair. Thus certain colours, though not quite the natural ones, may be obtained.

THE Hon. Ashley Eden will shortly start on his mission to Bhotan, accompanied by Dr. B. Simpson, the best of our amateur photographers, with a retinue of 100 Sikhs sappers and miners. The last mission to this most barbarous part of Asia was under Captain Pemberton, in 1838. The present mission will proceed from Darjeeling, to demand reparation for the incessant attacks on our frontier, and security for the future. Bhotan is an Indo-Chinese State, nominally a feudatory of Peking. It stretches over 230 miles of the Himalayas, as far as Assam, and has an area of 19,000 square miles of fertile valley and snowy ridge rising to 25,000 feet, and said to abound in copper, and to be suitable for the cultivation of tea. The Booteahs are very degraded—all the vices from filth of body to polyandry prevailing. The Deh Rajah, a spiritual ruler, like the Mikado of Japan, is generally a boy kept as a State prisoner, and the Dhurm Rajah, like the Tycoon, is elected by the three most powerful Pillors or governors, and seldom allowed to hold office for more than three years. Mr. Eden will go to Tassissuden, the cold-weather "capital" of the State. Dr. Marfels, a German resident at Rangoon, has left on an expedition into the Shan country, which lies between British Burmah and the Cambodia.

At the Dublin Royal Society on Monday, Dr. Mapother read a valuable paper "On the means of improving the Diet of the Irish Labourers." The author agreed with William Cobbett and Dr. Corrigan that the potato has been the curse of Ireland, and believed that the prevalence of scrofula and consumption among the poor was to be ascribed to that food, as those diseases do not exist in flesh-eating nations. The New Zealanders, too, are more frequently attacked by scrofulous diseases since Captain Cook introduced the potato. The ash of the potato being poor in lime and magnesia is a cause of considerable frequency of rickets. Water strongly impregnated with lime may obviate this result in some districts, but health demands animal food. The Irish peasantry are likely to get such diet on reasonable terms, for the trade of Montevideo and other districts in South America which supplied beef to the negroes in the United States having been cut off by the war, large quantities have been sent to British ports. The meat is preserved by cutting it in thin slices, dipping in brine, and then drying it in the sun until quite hard. When steeped in water it softens and increases in thickness. Although not likely to supersede the use of fresh meat by the more affluent, it may prove a great boon to the poor and labouring classes. It can be sold for about threepence a pound.

AN ancient stone pyramid has been discovered in California. The courses are from 18 inches to nearly 3 feet in thickness, and 5 to 8 feet

in length, the outer surface of the blocks being cut to an angle giving the structure a smooth face. The present top has a surface of 50 feet square, but originally the pile seems to have been built up to a point like an Egyptian pyramid.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

A SHARP axiom adopted by one of the old school of operators—a Ricardo it is generally believed—always embodied the philosophy of his speculations in the curt sentence of "Cut a loss and let a profit run." Wise will most of the brokers and operators have proved in their generation if they shall have been cautious enough to follow this advice, and sought to make it available during the last two or three weeks. During the entire spring and summer, they have had sufficient opportunity, if they followed the stream, either in foreign stocks or the best of the miscellaneous companies, to secure profits; and if accepting the precept of the shrewd thinker already mentioned they have returned when reaction in its first phase became apparent, they will now, in the midst of the existing monetary stringency, have no cause to regret it, and in the exercise of prudence they will be able to await the advent of brighter and better times.

The class of outside dealers in stocks and shares have been quite prepared for the change, and although the fall may have affected them more or less, the premonitory warnings given have induced them to beware of going beyond their depth, even when appearances were the most favourable. This effect has been produced by constantly calling their attention to the very hazardous game that was being played. It has caused them to pause, and has relieved them from the serious results of the engagements into which they in all probability have entered. The speculation, carried forward as it was with reckless avidity, gave way just in time to damp the ardour of those principally supporting the movement, and having since decreased with every half-monthly account, there is no prospect of revival, with money at 6 and 7 per cent. at the Bank and in the open market, and the probability of a financial crisis in Paris. We can well picture the sombre view of affairs there, through the rapid decline in the stock of bullion; and the apprehensions excited by the sensitive condition of the Bourses of Frankfurt, Vienna, and Berlin indicate that no further tension of an extraordinary character would be required to produce a revulsion, the effects of which would startle Europe. England might from the inherent soundness of her position escape, in a great degree, the worst consequences of such a blow; but she has now become so thoroughly mixed up in continental business of every class, being the great reservoir from which the different markets draw, that it would be impossible to avoid heavy losses. For the next two months we shall be in a very equivocal situation, and it may fairly be supposed that stagnation will prevail, because, although the supply of money is good, it is nevertheless so dear that many branches of trade will be depressed, and bankers and brokers will not, under any circumstances, make advances except upon the most tangible security.

It is all very well to look at the rate of 6 and 7 per cent. for first-class paper, and to say that it is not unreasonably high. These quotations do not, of course, immediately affect high mercantile firms unless they are in a very unsound position; but if that be the case any advance will soon stop their career, and the sooner the crash the better. But in treating of dear money and its effects it is necessary perhaps to look a little further. Second-class establishments—many of which are the thews and sinews of our ever-striving industry—feel it severely; 6 and 7 per cent. to their superiors is 8 and 10 per cent. to them, and when the third class are reached it is not even 10 or 12 per cent. to them, but the high rates act as a positive prohibition against obtaining money at all. Through these unseen channels it is that the advances in the quotations of discount work such discouraging influence, and if they are to be maintained, as it seems likely they will, the *Gazette* in December and January must present evidence of the mischief.

One of our daily contemporaries has talked of a panic at Frankfurt. As well might he write and speak of a storm in a teapot, for except as a symptom afforded by this change of the uncomfortable feeling existing, the fact is quite of secondary importance. A panic in Paris, an event we are not unprepared for, with similar appearances at St. Petersburg and Vienna, would show that things were approaching a crisis, such as many have thought for some time has been impending. The palliatives resorted to by the Bank of France will, however, first be applied to the fullest extent, and no stone will be left unturned to secure it a supply of bullion. But these just now appear to be of little

avail; so persistent is the outflow to Mexico and Italy. Those grand campaigns of the Emperor bring not only glory, but also a large margin of expenditure, which will have to be provided for through a loan or some other financial manœuvre. The days of the popularity of Mexican stock, when the quotations suddenly vaulted to 48, should have been seized as the juncture for concluding that loan which, if it had not entirely, would have partially, relieved the French Government from its embarrassment, and supplied funds to have enabled the Treasury to pay its way.

Now it is exceedingly doubtful whether a loan, either for France or Mexico, would be successful, with the Fould Ministry in its existing uncertain position, and the political feeling of Paris not altogether in favour of the Emperor. The budget will shortly be forthcoming, "cooked" to make things pleasant, but the figures, well marshalled as they are sure to be, will not satisfy either England or France, as we are quite assured that there is a considerable deficit. But the star of Napoleon, ever in the ascendant, will get him over the difficulty, if the term of his destiny is not yet expired, and if Europe is to be temporarily saved from a general convulsion.

The most satisfactory feature for the moment in financial concerns is that the Bank of England have not deemed it essential to increase the rate from 6 to 7 per cent. This would seem to carry the impression that the directors are not in the least alarmed for the future, and believe that a restoration to a natural equilibrium may shortly be accomplished. The Directors themselves, seeing the anomalous state of the bullion market, are not prepared unhesitatingly to enforce an advance, unless it be imperatively necessary; and since they imagine they can in a degree cope with the evil, perhaps they are right in the mode they adopt. Although they have not raised the *minimum*, they have done the next thing to it, which will probably prove as effective. If parcels of paper are furnished to them for negotiation, and they imagine that they are to facilitate transactions in cotton, or to purchase bullion for export, they at once fix a special price, say $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the parties who propose to do the business may complete the operation or seek accommodation elsewhere. The highest rate the Bank have recently charged in exceptional engagements has been 7 per cent., but they would not stop at that point if customers appeared inclined to take money at any cost.

The bill brokers are consequently pursuing the same plan. All the chief establishments now quote the rate of 6 per cent. and upwards, showing that they are following close in the wake of the Threadneedle-street authorities. Everywhere, however, when you ask the question "How is money?" the reply is invariably the same, "There is plenty of it, and the majority of the dealers have full balances. No scarcity exists; it is merely a question of price." And so it will continue till the efflux of bullion has become stronger, and then, when the drain has gone further, the strain will be felt; and then it will be very astounding if some disruption of credit does not take place. The balance of trade is evidently greatly against us, both in India and Egypt; and until the amount is liquidated, no cessation of the draft of specie will be experienced. If France shall be sufficiently fortunate in righting herself, the severity of the efflux will be mitigated, but it will not then be entirely relieved. No solution of the difficulty is likely to be obtained before the beginning of the new year, when something may transpire with respect to the prospects of the next season's supply. Meanwhile, a reduction in the price of the staple would have some influence to keep in check the irregular business which has arisen not alone in Liverpool, but also in Manchester and other of the Lancashire districts. It is to be hoped that the present financial pressure may pass over without entailing disastrous consequences, and that the current rates of discount will not advance higher. If, however, this should be the case, we cannot, even when the favourable reaction ensues, expect to have moderate terms for money till we have made some progress into 1864.

THE Bank Directors have not transacted much business the last few days below $6\frac{1}{2}$ and $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The *minimum* continues 6 per cent.; but it can scarcely be called the regular rate for bills. Overend, Gurney, & Co., and the National Discount Company, call their quotations 6 per cent. and upwards, according to the character of the paper; 7 per cent. is freely charged for trade acceptances.

THE withdrawals from the Bank have been, in the course of the week, £215,000, principally for India and Egypt. £20,000 again went on Thursday for Alexandria. The appearance of the silver market is in favour of advance, and silver must yet flow to the East.

CONSOLS show flatness. Indeed, dealings at the Stock Exchange have become narrowed through the late alteration in the general appearance of the money market. The price of Consols for the account is no better than $91\frac{1}{2}$ ex-dividend.

Greek and Mexican have all gone down. Spanish is the best supported, but that only holds aloft through rumours of a loan. Since the late account, which passed over quietly, only one little failure having occurred, there has been no rally, and nothing has ensued to give a better tone to things. Mexican, $37\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$; Greek, $30\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$; Spanish, passive, $34\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$.

The railway department has been very much neglected. A great deal of the bloom has gone off the shares of the various new joint-stock banks, and prices are not so buoyant as they were. Business generally is of a much more tranquil character than a month or two ago.

MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY.

MEDICAL SOCIETY—At 8.30 P.M. Lettsomian Lecture.—Classification of Fibrous Tumours, Varieties including Pelvic Bodies, Intimate Structure, Transformations by Softening, Hardening, Absorption, &c. By Dr. Routh.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY—At 8.30 P.M. 1. Communications from Mr. Tinné relating to Explorations in the River District West of the White Nile. 2. Journey of Colonel Pelly on the Shores of the Persian Gulf.

TUESDAY.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY—At 9 P.M. 1. "On the Genus *Spongilla*" By Dr. Bowerbank. 5. "On Some Insects from Madagascar, collected by Mr. Caldwell." By Mr. Bates.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY—At 8 P.M. 1. "On the Aboriginal Occupation of North Tynesdale and Western Northumberland." By the Rev. G. Rome Hall. 2. "Account of the Weddos or Widdos." By a Tamil Native of Ceylon.

ROYAL MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY—At 8.30 P.M.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. Discussion upon Mr. Morshead's paper on "Duty of the Cornish Pumping Engines."

WEDNESDAY.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—At 8 P.M. "The Australian Colonies, their Condition, Resources, and Prospects." By Sir Chas. Nicholson.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE—At 8.30 P.M. "On Some Old Maps of Africa in which the Central Equatorial Lakes are Laid Down." By John Hogg, F.R.S.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Abel Drake's Wife. By John Saunders. 4th edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
Adam (W.), Inquiry into the Theories of History. 2nd edit. 8vo., 15s.
(W. H. D.), Anecdotal Memoirs of English Princes. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
Adcock's Engineer's Pocket Book, 1864. 12mo., 6s.
Balfour (Mrs.), Club Night. Fcap., 1s.
Berjean (J.), History of the Holy Cross, in Fac-simile. 4to., 25s.
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Birks (Rev. T. R.), The Ways of God. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
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